# COVN

OF

# GABAL

OR

CONFERENCE

ABOUT

# Secret Science

*Rendered out of* French *into* E

With an Advice to the Read

By *A. L. A. M.*

*Quod tanto impendio abscondit*
*modo demonstrare destinare est.* Te

LONDON

Printed for *Robert Marford* at the
*Cornhill*, near the *Royal Ex*

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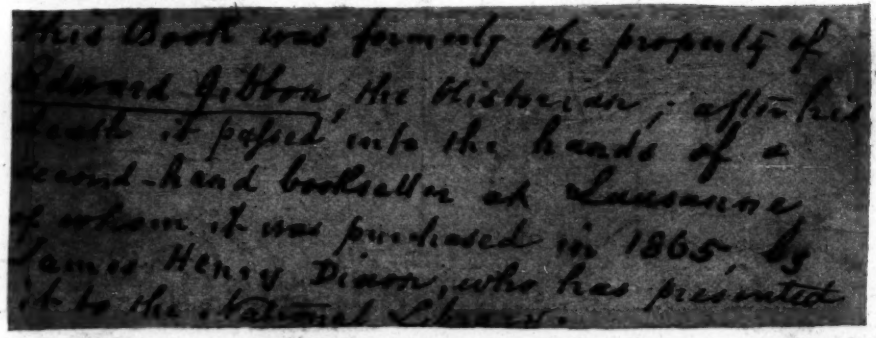
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# THE Translator's Advice TO THE READER.

*About Four Months ago I translated into English this Treatise concerning* Secret Sciences. *I delivered the Copy to the* Bookseller *who imployed me; but he not over-hasty to publish it before the* Term, *I find another hath done it for him: For some days since I met the Count* de Gabalis *in an English Dress, for which he hath been obliged to an Ingenuous* Translator, that out of the wantonness of his heart (*as he makes the Devil tell lies*) *at vacant hours has Transprosed him into that Habit; and by a*

Postscript of Animadversions, *made himself as merry with his* Author, *as his* Author *did with the* Cabal. *It seems strange to me, though that the* Translator *should have ventured to be* Interpreter *for an* Author, *who, in his sense does rather countenance than confute the* Secret Sciences; *seeing if the Book was naught, and deserved Censure, it had been far better to have let the* Author *corrupt the World in his own Outlandish Tongue, than to have made him do mischief in English; no way to be cured but by School-refined Animadversions. But the Gentleman I suppose was willing to let the World know that he understood both French and Frenchmen, and that himself was so mighty a* Hocus *in Philosophy, as to raise the Devil, to the fear and astonishment of the weak Babes in Learning, and then to lay him again by the Prowess of* Invincible Logick. *I con-*

*I confess my Eyes were not so good, as to discover that dangerous flaw in my* Author *when I set upon the translating of him; for if I had, I should not have been so bold to have attempted it, being conscious of my own inability to incounter the Giants of the* Cabal *with no better Weapon than* Ens Rationis, *or* Universale a parte rei: *Nor indeed could I have been perswaded, that some short Animadversions, though never so Serious and Logical, at the* Tail *of a Book, were a sufficient Lash for the Extravagancy of the Count, seeing our* Author, *who understood those Mysteries far better than either of us, does joyn issue upon it, and ingenuously evince that the gravity of such a Method was not at all proper for Confuting the Cabalistick Sages, who are mightily conceited with their own Visions, and think others so too, if they are*

*so serious as not to laugh at their Follies.*

*I protest I know neither the* Author *nor Critical* Translator, *and am as little acquainted with the* Cabal; *but yet I have heard some Ingenious Persons say, that (not to offend the* Translator) *if the* Author *had thought another way of reasoning more suitable to his Design, than the Drolling way he uses, he would have produced as many and solid Arguments for his purpose, after one Glass of Wine, as the* Animadvertor with all Thomas Aquinas his Quodlibets *and three Pipes of Tobacco, could possibly have done; and that he could have given a far more exact Account of the French Kings Pedigree, and the Reasons that have induced him to make such a Bustle among his Neighbours, than what we find so prettily hinted at in the*

Post-

*Poſtſcript, though perhaps he could not have ſaid ſo much to the* Plot, *which with the ſame Latitude might have been brought in here; and is nevertheleſs, to the amazement of many* thinking men, *wholly omitted in the* Animadverſions.

*Some are likewiſe of the Opinion, that it is a kind of ingenteel Carriage, to invite a Stranger into ones Countrey, and inſtead of Civil Uſage, put him in a Fools Coat, and expoſe him to deriſion; it being their Judgment that the* vacant hours *imployed by the* Tranſlator, *have produced no more but an idle, and (in many places) erroneous* Tranſlation, *which might have afforded Animadverſions of another Nature, had it been judged worth the while.*

*I hope* (Reader) *that what I have ſaid in favour of a Stranger, will not ſo much offend thee; as to*

*make*

*make thee likewise censorious, and carp at what I have essayed in this* Translation. *I am very free to acknowledge that what I have done, was not to beguil vacant hours, but that it was down-right drudging for a little Money, which the* Bookseller *promised me for my pains: And therefore what Mistakes you may meet with (except those of the Press, for which I will not answer) put a Candid Interpretation upon them; and when I am told what they are, if the Book do bear another Impression, I do faithfully promise they shall be amended in the next Edition.*

Farewell.

# The Count of GABALIS:

## OR,

## Conferences about Secret Sciences.

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### *The First Conference about Secret Sciences.*

PEACE be with the Soul of the Noble Count of *GABALIS*, who, as I am informed by Letter, died lately of an *Apoplexy*. The curious Heads, I know, will be sure to say that that is a common Death to those who are bad husbands of the Secrets of the *Sages*; and that ever since the blessed *Raymond Lully* pronounced the Sentence in his last will, his Execu-

tor an Angel is always ready to wring off the Neck of all those who indiscreetly reveal the Mysteries of Philosophers.

But let them not be rash in condemning that Learned Man, without being clearly informed of his Conduct; It is true, he discovered all to me, but it was with all imaginable Cabalistick circumspection. This is a testimony due to the memory of him who was zealous in the Religion of his Fathers the Philosophers, and who would have burnt, rather than prophaned its Sanctity, by opening his mind to any undeserving *Prince*, to any ambitious or incontinent *Person*; three sorts of People in all times excommunicated by the *Sages*. I have the good fortune not to be a *Prince*, I have but little *Ambition*, and it will appear in the sequel that I have even a little more *Chastity* than is requisite to a *Philosopher*: He found me of a docile mind, curious, and not easie startled, I want but a little *Melancholy* to make all those who blame the Count of *Gabalis* for having concealed nothing from me, acknowledge that I was a Subject proper enough for *Secret Sciences*. The truth

truth is, without *Melancholy* no great progreſs can be made in them; but the little that I had, did not diſcourage him. You have (he has many times told me) *Saturn* in an Angle, in his Houſe and retrograde; you cannot but one day be as *Melancholy* as a *Sage* ought to be; for the wiſeſt of Men (as we know in the *Cabal*) had, as you have, *Jupiter* in the Aſcendant, and yet it is not known that ever he laughed in his life time, ſo powerful was the impreſſion of his *Saturn*, though it was much weaker than yours.

It is my *Saturn* then, and not the Count of *Gabalis*, that the curious Heads ſhould quarrel with, if I like better to divulge than practice their *Secrets*. If the *Stars* fail in their duty, the Count of *Gabalis* is not in the fault; and if I have not that greatneſs of *Soul*, as to aſpire to become Maſter of *Nature*, to overturn the Elements, to converſe with ſupream *Intelligences*, to command *Sprits*, to create *New Worlds*, to ſpeak to *God* in his dreadful *Throne*, and to oblige the *Cherubin* that guards the entry of the *Earthly Paradiſe*, to let me

fetch ſome walks in the *Gardin*; I am the onely *Perſon* that am moſt to be blamed: *Men* muſt not therefore inſult over the memory of that rare *Man*, and ſay that he died, becauſe he told me ſo many things. Is it impoſſible, but that he may have fallen in a Combat with ſome rugged *Goblin*, ſeing the fortune of *War* is various? Perhaps talking to God in his inflamed *Throne*, he could not forbear to look in his *Face*: Now it is written, *That no Man can ſee his Face and live.* It may be he is only dead in appearance, according to the cuſtom of *Philoſophers*, who ſeem to die in one place and tranſport themſelves to another. However the matter be, I cannot believe that the manner how he intruſted me with his *Treaſures*, deſerves any puniſhment. And now I'll tell ye how it happened:

Common ſenſe having made me always ſuſpect that there was a great deal of emptineſs in what they call, *Secret Sciente*, I was never tempted to caſt away my time in turning over the Books that treat on them; but likewiſe thinking it unreaſonable, without any ground, to condemn

condemn all others that apply themſelves to that *Study*, who are otherways many times Diſcreet and Learned Men, and in repute both for the Gown and Sword; I thought it my beſt (that I might not be unjuſt, nor cumbered with tedious *Study*) to pretend my ſelf ſmitten with all thoſe *Sciences*, when I met with any that I could learn were touched with the ſame. I had at firſt better ſucceſs than I could even have expected. For how myſteriouſly reſerved ſoever theſe Blades affect to be, yet they deſire no better than to vent their imaginations and the new diſcoveries that they pretend to have made in *Nature*; ſo that in a few days I became the confident of the chiefeſt of them: I never wanted one or other of them in my *Study*, which I had purpoſely furniſhed with their fantaſtical *Authors*. No Learned Stranger paſſed this way but I had notice of it; and in a word, in a very ſhort time I wanted nothing, if ye'll except the *Sciences*, to make me a great *Perſon*, *Princes*, great *Lords*, *Gown-men*, fair *Ladies*, and ugly ones too, *Doctors*, *Prelates*, *Monks*, *Nuns*, and all ſorts

of *People* were my *Companions*. Some were for *Angels*, some for the *Devil*; some for their *Genius*, some for *Incubus's*; some for the cure of all *Diseases*, some for the *Stars*, some for the *Secrets* of *Divinity*, and generally all for the *Philosophers Stone*.

They all agreed that those great *Secrets*, and especially the *Philosophers Stone*, are hard to be found out, and that few possess them; but every one of them had so good an opinion of themselves in particular, as to believe they were of the number of the Elect. By good fortune at that time the chief of the Tribe impatiently expected the coming of a *German Lord* and great *Cabalist*, whose Lands lie towards the Frontiers of *Poland*: He promised, by Letter, to come and visit the Children of the *Philosophers* at *Paris*, and to pass from *France* into *England*. I was appointed to write an Answer to the Letter of that great Man, and therewith sent im the figure of my *Nativity*, that he might judge by it if I might aspire to supream *Wisdom*. My *Figure* and *Letter* had the good fortune to procure the

honour

honour of this Answer from him, *That I should be one of the first he would see at* Paris, *and that if Heaven opposed not, it should not be his fault if I were not admitted into the society of the* Sages.

That I might improve this happiness, I kept a regular correspondence with this illustrious *German.* Now and then I proposed to him great *Doubts*, backed with as much *Reason* as I could, concerning the Harmony of the *World*, the Numbers of *Pythagoras*, the Revelation of St. *John*, and the first Chapter of *Genesis*. The sublimity of these matters ravished him, he wrote to me of strange and unheard of *Wonders*; and I well perceived that I had to do with a Man of a strong and vast *Imagination*. I have about Three or four score of his Letters, of so extraordinary a stile, that whensoever I was alone in my Study, I could read nothing but them.

One day as I was admiring one of the sublimest of them, a Man of an excellent meene entered my Study, who saluting me with Gravity, said to me in *French*, but with the accent of a stranger: *Adore, my Son, adore the great and*

*Good God of the* Sages, *and let it never puff you up with Pride, that he ſends one of the Children of Wiſdom, to receive you into their Society, and to impart to you the Wonders of his Omnipotence.*

I was a little aſtoniſhed at the novelty of the *Greeting*, and began at firſt to doubt whether Men have not Apparitions ſometimes: however re-aſſuring my ſelf as well as I could, and looking on him with as much Civility as the little fear that I was in could allow of; *Whoever you be*, ſaid I, *you whoſe Compliment is not of this World, you do me much honour by this Viſit; but do me the favour, if you pleaſe, that before I adore the God of the* Sages, *I may know what* Sages *you mean, and of what God you ſpeak; if it be with your convenience, take that Seat, and tell me what* God, Sages, Secrecy, *and* Wonders *of* Omnipotence, *are thoſe you talk of; and firſt or laſt, as you pleaſe, to what ſort of Creature I have the honour to ſpeak.*

*You receive me Sir very wiſely* (anſwered he laughing, and taking the Seat I offered him) *You deſire me at firſt to impart matters to you, which if you pleaſe,*

I

*I shall not do too day. The Compliment I made you, are the words of the* Sages, *when first they accost those whom they have resolved to open their heart unto, and to discover their Mysteries. I thought that being so Learned, as you have appeared to me by your Letters, that Salutation would not have surprized you; and that it should have been the most acceptable Compliment that the Count of* Gabalis *could make you. Ah! Sir,* cried I (calling to mind the great part I had to act) *How shall I do to deserve so much goodness? Is it possible that the greatest of Men is now in my Study, and that the great Count of* Gabalis *honours me with a Visit?*

*I am the least of* Sages (replied he with a serious Countenance) *and God who dispenses the Rays of his Wisdom, with the weight and measure that best pleases his Majesty, has bestowed on me but a very small portion, in respect of that which with astonishment I admire in my Fellows. I am in hopes that you may one day equal them, if I dare judge so by the Figure of your Nativity, which you did me the honour to send me: But give me leave Sir* (added he laughing) *to blame you for having*

*at first taken me for an Apparition.*

*Ah! not for an Apparition* (said I) *but I confess, Sir, that calling to mind of a sudden, how* Cardan *reports that his Father was visited one day in his Study by seven Strangers clothed in different Colours, who discoursed to him very odly of their Nature and Imployment. - - I understand you* (said the Count, interrupting me) *they were* Sylphes, *of whom I shall one day talk to you, who are a kind of aereal Substance, that come sometimes to consult the* Sages *about the Books of* Averroes, *which they are not over-skill'd in.* Cardan *was a Block-head for publishing that in his Book of* Subtilities; *he found the Memoires among st the Books of his Father, who was one of us, and who perceiving his Son to be naturally a blab tongue would not instruct him in any thing that was sublime, but let him onely tamper and amuse himself with ordinary* Astrology; *by which he could not so much as foresee that his Son should be hanged. That Rogue is the cause you did me the wrong to take me for a* Sylphe. *Wrong* (replied I,) *How, Sir, am I then so unhappy as . . . . that does not trouble me* (said he, interrupting) *you are not obliged to know that*

*all*

*all those elementary* Spirits *are our Disciples, that they are too much honoured when we condescend to instruct them; and that the least of our* Sages *is more knowing and powerful than all these dandy prat Gentlemen. But we shall discourse of that another time; it is enough for to day that I have had the satisfaction to see you. Endeavour my Son to become worthy of receiving the* Cabalistick Light; *the hour of your Regeneration is come; and you your self must be in the fault if you become not a new Creature. Pray ardently to him who alone has the power of creating new Hearts, that he would give you one capable of the great matters that I have to tell you, and that he would put it into my heart to keep from you none of his Mysteries.* With that he arose, and embracing me, without giving me time to answer, *Farewel my Son* (continued he,) *I must go see our Friends who are here at* Paris, *and when that is done you shall hear of me. In the mean time,* Watch, pray, hope, and hold your peace.

Having said so, he went out of my Study; and as I waited upon him out, I complained of the shortness of his Visit

fit, and that he had the Cruelty to leave me so soon, after he had given me a glimpse of his extraordinary Knowledge. But having with very good Grace assured me that I should lose nothing by the delay, he took Coach, and left me in a surprize not to be expressed. I could not believe my Eyes or Ears; *I am sure* (said I) *that this is a Man of great Quality, that he hath an Estate of Fifty thousand Livers a year; and appears otherways to be a very accomplished Person: Can he be gulled with these Follies? He has talked very gallantly to me of* Sylphes. *Is he in effect a Sorcerer, and have I been hitherto in a mistake, in believing that there were none? But likewise, if there be Sorcerers, are they as devote as this Man seems to be?*

I could not tell what to think of all this, yet I was resolved to see what it would come to, though I well fore-saw that I should be baited with Sermons, and that the Familiar which prest him was a great moralist and holder forth.

## *The Second Conference about Secret Science.*

THe Count was willing to give me the whole night to ſpend in Prayer, and next morning by break of day he acquainted me by a Note that he would come to my Houſe about Eight of the Clock, and that if I thought fit we ſhould go abroad and take the Air together. He came according to his promiſe, and after mutual Civilities paſt; Let us go (ſaid he) to ſome place where we may be at liberty, and where our Conference may not be interrupted. *Ruel*, ſaid I, ſeems to me both pleaſant and ſolitary enough. Let us go thither then, replied he, ſo we took Coach, and on the way I carefully obſerved my new Maſter. I never remarked ſo great a ſtock of Satisfaction in any Man, as appeared in all his Carriage; he had a more ſedate and compoſed mind, than a Sorcerer I thought could have. He had the aſpect of a Man whoſe Conſcience upbraided him

him with nothing that was foul; and I was very impatient to hear him enter upon the matter; not being able to conceive, how a Man who in all things elſe appeared to me ſo judicious and accompliſhed, could be deluded by the Viſions with which I perceived him infected the day before. He talked Divinely of Policy, and was raviſhed to hear that I had read *Plato* on that Subject. You'll need all that one day (ſaid he) more than now you are aware of; and if we fadge to day, it is not impoſſible but that in proceſs of time you may have occaſion to put in practice thoſe *Sages*-Maximes. With that we entered into *Ruel*, and went into the Garden; but the Count diſdaining to admire the Beauties of the place, marched ſtraight towards the *Labyrinth*.

Perceiving that we were in as ſolitary a place as he could deſire; I praiſe (cried he, lifting up his Eyes and Hands to Heaven) I praiſe the Eternal Wiſdom, that he hath put it into my mind to conceal nothing from you of his ineffable Truth. How happy will you be, my Son! if he have the goodneſs to endue your Soul

Soul with the Diſpoſitions that ſo high Myſteries require. You are now to learn how to command all Nature; God alone ſhall be your Maſter, and the *Sages* onely your Peers. The ſupream Intelligences ſhall think it their honour to obey your deſires; the Devils ſhall not dare to appear where you are, your voice ſhall make them tremble in the pottomleſs Pit, and all the inviſible People who inhabit the four Elements, will reckon themſelves happy to be the Miniſters of your Pleaſures. I adore thee, O great God! in that thou haſt crowned Man with ſo much Glory, and made him Monarch over all the Works of thine Hands. Do you feel my Son (ſaid he turning to me) do you feel that Heroick Ambition, which is a ſure Character of the Children of Wiſdom? Dare you deſire to ſerve none but God alone, and to bear rule over every thing which is not God? Have you learnt yet what it is to be Man? And is it not tedious to you to be a Slave; ſeeing you are born to be Soveraign? And if you entertain thoſe noble thoughts, as the Figure of your Nativity ſuffers me not to doubt, Conſider

ſider deliberately with your ſelf if you have the Courage and Reſolution to renounce all things that may be a hinderance to you in attaining to that pitch of Elevation for which you are born? He ſtopt there, and fixed his Eyes upon me, as if he expected my Anſwer, or endeavoured to read it in my heart.

How much the beginning of his Diſcourſe made me hope that we ſhould quickly come to the point, ſo much did his laſt words make me deſpair of it. The word *Renounce* ſtarttled me, and I made no doubt but that he was going to propoſe to me the renouncing of my Baptiſm or Paradiſe. So not knowing which way to come off: Renounce Sir (ſaid I) how! muſt I renounce any thing then? Without doubt you muſt (replied he) and that is ſo abſolutely neceſſary, that it is the firſt thing you muſt do. I cannot tell if you can reſolve to do it: But I know very well that Wiſdom dwells not in a body ſubject to ſin, as it enters not into a Soul prepoſſeſſed with error or malice. The *Sages* will never admit of you into their Society, if you renounce not one thing which is inconſiſtent with wiſdom.

You

*You must* (added he very softly, laying his Mouth to my Ear) *renounce all Carnal dealing with Women.*

At that odd Proposition I burst forth in Laughter. You have let me go upon very easie terms; Sir (said I) I expected you should have proposed to me some strange Renunciation; but since all your Quarrel is with Women, the thing is done long ago: I am chaste enough, I thank God for it: Nevertheless Sir, since *Solomon* was a wiser Man than ever I shall be perhaps, and that all his Wisdom could not hinder him from being corrupted: Tell me, if you please, what Expedient do ye Gentlemen of the *Cabal* take to forgo that Sex, and what inconvenience would it be if in the Paradise of Philosophers every *Adam* should have his *Eve*.

You ask great Matters (replied he) consulting with himself if he should Answer my Question) Nevertheless since I perceive that you will without difficulty renounce Women, I will tell you one of the Reasons which hath obliged the *Sages* to exact this condition from their Disciples; and by that you'll know

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in what Ignorance live all those who are not of our number.

When you shall be listed among the Children of the Philosophers, and your Eyes fortified by the use of the most Sacred Medicine; you'll at first discover that the Elements are inhabited by most perfect Creatures, whom the sin of wretched *Adam* hath deprived his too wretched Posterity of the Knowledge of. This immense space which is betwixt the Earth and the Heavens, has far more noble Inhabitants than Birds and Gnats; those vast Seas have many other Guests besides Whales and Dolphins; the depth of the Earth is not made onely for Moles; and the more noble Element of fire was not created to remain void and useless.

The Air is full of an innumerable multitude of People of Humane Shape, in appearance somewhat fierce, but in reality tractable; great lovers of Sciences, Subtle, Officious to the *Sages*, and the Enemies of the Foolish and Ignorant. Their Wives and Daughters are Masculine Beauties, such as they paint the *Amazones*. How Sir (cried I) would you

you make me believe that those *Gyblins* are married?

Startle not, my Son, at so small a matter (replied he) believe that what I tell you is a solid truth; these are but the Elements of the Ancient *Cabal*, and it shall be no Mans fault but your own if your own Eyes convince you not; but receive with a docile mind the Knowledge which God sends to you by my Ministery. Forget all that you may have learnt of those things in the Schools of the Ignorant; for it will vex you, when you are convinced by experience, to be forced to confess that you have been wilful out of purpose.

Hear me out then, and know that the Seas and Rivers are inhabited as well as the Air; the Ancient *Sages* named that kind of People, *Undians* or *Nymphs*. They begat few Males, and Women abound amongst them; they are exceedingly Beautiful, and the Daughters of Men are not to be compared to them.

The Earth is filled almost to the Center with *Gnomes*, a People of a low Stature, the Guardians of Treasures, Mines,

Mines and precious Stones. They are Ingenious, Friends to Man, and easie to be commanded. They supply the Children of the *Sages* with what Money they need, and desire no other Wages for their Service but the Glory of being commanded. The *Gnomides* their Wives are little, but very pretty, and very curious in their Cloths.

As to the *Salamanders*, the inflamed Inhabitants of the Fiery Region; they serve Philosophers, but are not solicitous to court their Company, and their Daughters and Wives suffer themselves rarely to be seen. They have reason (said I, interrupting him) and I excuse them from their appearance. Why? (said the Count) Why, Sir (replied I) and what have I to do to converse with so ugly a Beast as a *Salamander*, whether Male or Female? You are in the wrong (replied he) that is the notion that ignorant Painters and Engravers have of them: The Wives of *Salamanders* are Beautiful, and even more lovely than all the rest, seeing they are of a purer Element. I will not insist long

in

in the discription of those People, because you your self shall see them easily and at leisure, if you have the curiosity. You shall see their Dress; their Diet, their Manners, Government, and admirable Laws. You will be more charmed with the Beauty of their Mind, than with that of their Body; but you cannot but pity these poor wretches, when they tell you that their Soul is mortal, and that they have no hopes to enjoy that Eternal Being which they know, and religiously adore. They'll tell you that being composed of the purest parts of the Elements which they inhabit, and having no contrary qualities in them, seeing they consist but of one Element; they live many Ages before they die; but what is time in comparison of Eternity? They must return again into the abyss of nothing. That thought afflicts them so much, that we have a hard task of it to comfort them poor souls.

Our Fore-fathers the Philosophers, speaking to God Face to Face, complained to him of the misery of those People; and God whose mercy is infinite revealed to them that it was not impos-

sible

ſible to find a Remedy to that Evil. He informed them that in the ſame manner as Man by the Alliance that he hath contracted with God, has been partaker of Divinity; ſo the *Sylphes*, *Gnomes*, *Nymphes*, and *Salamanders*, by the Alliance which they might contract with Man, may be made partakers of Immortality. Thus a *Nymph* or *Sylphide* becomes capable of Immortality, and of the Bliſs to which we aſpire; when ſhe is ſo happy as to be married to a *Sage*: and a *Gnome* or *Sylphe* ceaſes to be mortal ſo ſoon as ever he eſpouſes one of our Daughters.

From thence ſpring the Error of the firſt Ages, of *Tertullian*, *Juſtin Martyr*, *Lactantius*, *Cyprian*, *Clement* of *Alexandria*, *Athenagoras*, a Chriſtian Philoſopher; and generally of all the Writers of that Age. They learnt that thoſe elementary half men courted the Commerce of Maids; and from that they imagined that the Fall of the Angels was occaſioned onely, by the love which they entertained for Women. Some *Gnomes*, deſirous of immortality, courted the Favour of our Daughters, and brought them

them precious Stones, whereof they are naturally the Guardians: And theſe Authours thought, grounding their opinion on the Book of *Enoch*, not rightly underſtood, that thoſe were the Snares which the Amorous Angels laid for our Women. In the beginning theſe Children of Heaven begot famous Gyants on the Daughters of Men, who fell in love with them: And the bad *Cabaliſts*, *Joſephus* and *Philo* (as all the Jews are ignorant) and after them the Authors whom I juſt now named, as well as *Origen* and *Macrobius*, have affirmed they were Angels, not knowing that they were *Sylphes* and other Elementary People, who by the name of the Children of *Eloim*, are diſtinguiſhed from the Children of Men. In like manner, that which the wiſe *Auguſtin* had the modeſty not to decide, in relation to the Addreſſes which thoſe who were called *Faunes* or *Satyrs*, made to the *Africans* of his time; is cleared by what I have ſaid of the deſire that all thoſe Inhabitants of the Elements have to be allied with Men, as the onely means to attain to the Immortality which they want.

Ah! our *Sages* are far from imputing the Fall of the first Angels to the love of Women, no more than they submit Men so much to the power of Devils, as to ascribe to him the adventures of *Nymphs* and *Sylphes*, wherewith all Histories abound. There was never any Crime in that Matter; it was onely *Sylphes* endeavouring to become Immortal. Their innocent Pursuits are so far from scandalising Philosophers, that they have appeared to us so just, that we have all with one consent resolved to give our selves to no other Pleasure but the immortalizing of *Nymphs* and *Sylphides*.

God, God (cried I) what is this I hear? Is there no end of the f....? Yes, my Son (interrupted the Count) admire that there is no end of the Felicity of Philosophers! Instead of Women, whose frail Charms are quickly over, and are followed with ghastly Wrinkles, the *Sages* enjoy Beauties that never grow old, and whom they have the Glory to render immortal. Reflect on the Love and Gratitude of those invisible Mistresses: and with what eager-

neſs they deſire to pleaſe the Philoſopher, who applies himſelf to procure them Immortality.

Ah! Sir, I renounce (cried I once more.) Yes my Son (continued he again, without giving me leave to make an end) renounce the vain and periſhing pleaſures that are found amongſt Women; the Faireſt of them looks Ghaſtly, when compared to the meaneſt *Sylphide*: our *Sage* Embraces are never dogg'd with any the leaſt diſtaſte. Miſerable Ignorants, how much are ye to be pitied, that ye cannot taſte of Philoſophical Delights.

And miſerable Count of *Gabalis* (ſaid I with a tone made up of Anger and Compaſſion) let me at length tell you, that I renounce that diſtracted Wiſdom; that your Viſionary Philoſophy ſeems to me ridiculous, that I deteſt theſe abominable Embraces that couple you to *Sprights*; and that I ſhake for fear, leaſt one or other of your pretended *Sylphides* haſten to carry you to Hell in the midſt of your tranſports; for fear that ſuch a worthy Gentleman as you are, ſhould at length perceive the folly of that fan-

taſtical Zeal, and repent of ſo haineous a Crime.

Ho, ho (anſwered he, ſtarting three or four ſteps back, and looking on me angrily) a Curſe on that untractable Spirit of thine. I confeſs his Carriage put me into a fright, but it was far worſe, when I ſaw, that drawing aſide, he pulled a Paper out of his Pocket, which I perceived at a diſtance to be full of Characters that I could not well diſcern. He read attentively, pelred and muttered to himſelf. I thought he was a raiſing ſome Spirits to deſtroy me, and repented a little of my inconſiderate Zeal. If I come off well at this bout (ſaid I) I'll never fear *Cabaliſt* more. I had fixed mine Eyes ſtedfaſtly upon him, as upon a Judge that was going to ſentence me to death; when I perceived his Countenance clear up again. It is hard for you (ſaid he laughing, and returning towards me) it is hard for you to kick againſt pricks, you are a Veſſel of Election. Heaven has deſtin'd you for the greateſt *Cabaliſt* of your Age. Here is the Figure of your Nativity, that cannot fail, if it happen not preſently

and

and by my means, it will be when your Retrograde *Saturn* shall think fit.

Nay, God Sir, If it be my luck to become a *Sage* (said I) no Man, I assure you shall ever have a hand in it, except the great *Gabalis*; but to speak freely, I am somewhat afraid you'll find it no easie task, to perswade me to this Philosophick Gallantry. Is it then, because you are so bid a Naturalist (replied he) as not to believe the Existence of these People? I cannot tell (said I) but I am still of opinion that they are but *Goblins* in disguise. Will you still give greater credit to your Nurse (answered he) than to Natural Reason; than to *Plato*, *Pythagoras*, *Celsus*, *Psellus*, *Proclus*, *Porphyrius*, *Jamblichus*, *Plotinus*, *Trismegistus*, *Nollius*, *Dorneus*, *Fluddus*, than to the great *Philippus Aurelius Theophrastus Bombastus Paracelsus* of *Hohenheim*; and all the rest of our Companions?

I'll believe you Sir (said I) as much and more than all these Blades: But dear Sir, cannot you so order matters with your Brethren, that I be not obliged to melt away in love with these

Elementary Lasses? Alas! (replied he) you are at your liberty, no Man is forced to love; but though few of the *Sages* are proof against their Charms, yet there have been some, who reserving themselves wholly to greater Matters (as you shall know hereafter) have denied that honour to *Nymphs*. I'll be one of those then (answered I) for indeed I cannot bring my self to a resolution to lose time in using of the Ceremonies, which as I have heard a *Frelat* say, are necessary for obtaining the Commerce of those *Spirits*. That *Prelat* knew not what he said (replied the *Count*) for you shall one day see that they are not *Spirits*; and besides, never did a *Sage* use either Ceremonies or Superstition, for gaining the Familiarity of *Spirits*, nor of the *People* of whom we speak.

A *Cabaliſt* never acts but by Natural Principles; and if in our Books there be sometimes hard Words, Characters and Fumigations to be found; that is onely to hide from the ignorant the Principles of Nature. Admire the simplicity of Nature in all her most wonderful Operations! and in that simplicity so great,

so

ſo exact, and neceſſary an Harmony, that in ſpight of your Prejudices it will cure you of your weak Apprehenſions. What I am about to tell you, we teach thoſe of our Diſciples, whom we ſuffer not to enter into the innermoſt Sanctuary of Nature; and yet will not deprive of the Society of the Elementary People, out of compaſſion that we have for the ſame People.

The *Salamanders*, as you perhaps already conceive, are compoſed of the moſt ſubtle parts of the Sphere of Fire, conglobated and organiſed, by the influence of the univerſal Fire (of which ſome time or other I will diſcourſe to you) ſo called, becauſe it is the principle of all the Motions of Nature. In the ſame manner the *Sylphs* are compoſed of the pureſt atomes of Air, the *Nymphs* of the thinneſt particles of Water; and the *Gnomes* of the ſubtileſt parts of the Earth. *Adam* bore ſome proportion with theſe ſo perfect Creatures, becauſe being made up of the pureſt part of the four Elements; he contained in himſelf the perfections of theſe four kinds of People, and was their Na-

tural King. But when ſin had precipitated him among the Excrements of the Elements (as you ſhall ſee ſome other time) the Harmony was untuned, and becoming groſs and impure, he bore no more proportion with thoſe ſo pure and ſubtile Subſtances. What remedy to this evil? How is the Lute to be tuned again, and this loſt Soveraignty retrived? O Nature! Why art thou ſo little ſtudied? Do not you conceive, my Son, with what ſimplicity Nature can reſtore Man to the Bleſſings which he hath loſt?

Alas! Sir (replied I) I am very ignorant in all theſe ſimplicities. But it is very eaſie however to be knowing in them (anſwered he.)

If we would recover the Empire over the *Salamanders*, we muſt purifie and exalt the Element of Fire that is in us, and raiſe again the tone of that ſlackened String. There is no more to be done, but to concentrate the Fire of the World by concave mirrours in a Bowl of Glaſs; and this is the Operation which all the Ancients have religiouſly concealed, until Divine *Theophraſtus* revealed it. In that Bowl there is a Solary

Powder

Powder made, which being of it ſelf purified from the mixture of other Elements; and being prepared according to Art, becomes in a very ſhort time a Sovereign Remedy to exalt the Fire that is in us; and to make us (if one may ſay ſo) become of an igneous Nature. Then do the Inhabitants of the Sphere of Fire become our inferiors, and raviſhed to ſee our mutual Harmony reſtored, and that we are become like to them, they have the ſame love and friendſhip for us that they have for their own kind; all the reſpect which they owe to the Image and Vicegerent of their Creator, and all the care, that the deſire of obtaining the immortality which they want, by our means, can make them excogitate. The truth is, as being more ſubtile and pure than thoſe of the other Elements, they live very long; ſo they are not ſo ſolicitous in demanding Immortality from the *Sages*. You may make uſe of one of thoſe, my Son, if the averſion you talk of laſt always: probably you ſhall never hear her ſpeak one word of that which you are ſo much afraid of.

The eaſe is not the ſame with the *Sylphs*, *Gnomes*, and *Nymphs*, for ſeeing, as being ſhorter lived, they ſtand more in need of us; ſo their Familiarity is more eaſily obtained. There is no more to be done for them, but to ſtop a bottle full of conglobated Air, Water, or Earth, and ſet it for a month in the Sun; and then to ſeparate the Elements according to Art, which above all is moſt eaſie to be done in the Water and Earth. It is wonder, what a ſtrange Load-ſtone each of theſe Elements purified are, to attract *Nymphs*, *Sylphs*, and *Gnomes*. As little almoſt as nothing taken of it daily for the ſpace of ſome months, will let you ſee in the Air the republick volant of *Sylphs*; the *Nymphs* coming in croud's to the Shore; and the Guardians of Treaſure opening Shop and laying out their Wealth. So that without Characters, Ceremonies, and barbarous Words, one becomes abſolute over all thoſe People. They demand no Worſhip from a *Sage*, whom they know to be nobler than themſelves. Thus venerable Nature teaches her Children to repair the Elements by

the

the Elements. Thus is Harmony reſtored. Thus does Man recover his Natural Empire, and can do all things in the Elements, without the Devil or black Art. You ſee now, my Son, that the *Sages* are more innocent than you imagine. What do you ſay?

*I admire you, Sir,* (ſaid I) *and I begin to fear that you will make me turn Apothecary. Ah! God forbid, my Child* (cried he) *your Nativity has not deſtin'd you for ſuch trifles. On the contrary, I diſcharge you to trouble your Head about diſtilling; I have told you that the* Sages *teach ſuch things onely to thoſe whom they will not admit into their Society. You ſhall have all theſe advantages, and many others more glorious and agreeable, by Philoſophick Procedures of a far different Nature. I have only told you of theſe ways, that I might let you ſee the innocence of this Philoſophy, and cure you of your panick fears.*

*Thanks be to God, Sir* (anſwered I) *my fear is not ſo great now, as it was a while ago; and though I be not as yet reſolved to embrace the offer that you propoſed to me with the* Salamanders: *yet I have*

*have ſtill the curioſity to be informed, how you have learnt that theſe* Nymphs *and* Sylphs *do die? In troth* (replied he) *they tell us ſo, and we ſee them die. How can you ſee them die* (ſaid I) *ſince your Commerce renders them immortal. You had ſaid ſomewhat* (anſwered he) *if the* Sages *were as many in number as thoſe People are; beſides, a great many of them had rather die than to run the riſque of being as miſerable as they ſee the Devils are, by endeavouring to attain to Immortality. It is the Devil that puts theſe thoughts into their Heads, for he does all he can to hinder theſe poor Creatures from becoming Immortal by our Alliance. So that I look, and you ought my Son, to look upon the Averſion which you have to it as a moſt pernicious temptation and uncharitable inclination.*

But further, as to the Death you have been ſpeaking of, What was it that obliged the *Oracle* of *Apollo* to ſay, That all who ſpake in *Oracles* were dead as well as himſelf; as *Porphiry* reports? And what meant that voice, d'ye think, which was heard over all the Coaſts of *Italy*, and ſo terrified thoſe that were at Sea? *The great Pan is dead.*

It

It was the People of the Air, who gave advice to the People of the Water, that the Chief and most Aged of the *Sylphes* was just then expired.

*When that voice was heard* (said I) *I think the World adored* Pan *and the* Nymphs. *These Gentlemen then, whose Commerce you preach to me, were the* Pagan *Gods?*

*It is true, my Son* (replied he) *the* Sages *are far from thinking that the Devil had ever the power to make himself be adored; he is too miserable and weak ever to have had that Satisfaction and Authority: but he may have perswaded those Guests of the Elements to appear to Men, and to procure Temples to be dedicated to them; who by the Natural Dominion that each of them have over the Element they posses; they troubled the Air and Sea, shook the Earth, and sent Thunder and Lightning at their pleasure: insomuch that it was easie for them to be taken for Deities, so long as the Supream Being neglected the Salvation of the Nations. But the Devil obtained not all the advantage that he expected from his malice: for it came to pass by that, that* Pan, *the* Nymphs, *and other Elementary People, having found a means to change*

*that*

*that commerce of Worſhip into a commerce of Love (for you remember that among the Ancients*, Pan *was the King of thoſe Gods, who were called* Incubus's, *and made love to Maids) many of the* Pagans *eſcaped the ſnares of the Devil; and ſhall not burn in Hell Flames.*

*I underſtood you not, Sir* (ſaid I.) *You will not underſtand me* (continued he in a jearing tone and ſmiling) *this is above your reach, and indeed ſurpaſſes the reach of all your Doctors, who know not what true Natural Philoſophy means. I'll tell you the great Myſtery of all that part of Philoſophy which concerns the Elements, and which (if you love your ſelf) will certainly remove that ſo unphiloſophical repugnancy which you have teſtified to me this very day. Know then, my Son, and divulge not this great* Arcanum *to any unworthy ignorant. Know that as the* Sylphs *acquire Immortalily, by an Alliance which they contract with Men who are predeſtinated; even ſo Men, who have no right to Eternal Glory; thoſe Wretches to whom Immortality is but a fatal advantage; for whom the Meſſias was not ſent.....*

*Hold, hold, ye Gentlemen of the* Cabal

*are*

*are* Calviniſts *and* Presbiterians *then?* (ſaid I interrupting him.) *We know not what that means, my Child* (replied he briskly) *and we ſcorn to inform our ſelves about the differences of Sects and Religions, with which the ignorant are infatuated. We ſtick to the Ancient Religion of our Fore-fathers the Philoſophers, wherein I muſt needs ſometime or other inſtruct you. But to return to the purpoſe, thoſe Men whoſe ſad Immortality will prove but everlaſting miſery; thoſe accurſed Children whom the ſupream Father hath forſaken, have this relief ſtill, that they may become Mortal, by matching with Elementary People. So that you ſee that the* Sages *hazard nothing for Eternity; if they are predeſtinate, they have the Satisfaction, when they leave the Body, to carry to Heaven with them the* Sylphide *or* Nymph *whom they have immortalized; and if they are not predeſtinate, the Commerce of the* Sylphide *renders their Soul mortal, and delivers them from the horrours of the ſecond Death. Thus all the* Nymphs, *who were allied with the* Pagans, *eſcaped the Clutches of the Devil. Thus the* Sages, *or the Friends of the Wiſe, to whom God puts it in our hearts*

to

*to communicate any of the four Elementary Secrets (which I have pretty near discovered to you) free themselves from the danger of damnation.*

In sober sadness, Sir (cried I, not daring to put him out of humour again, and judging it fit to forbear telling him openly my thoughts, until that he had discovered to me all the Secrets of his Cabal; which by that pattern I concluded must needs be very odd and pleasant) In sober sadness, you carry Wisdom very far! and you had reason to say that it would surpass the reach of all our Doctors. I am truly of opinion that this is also above the reach of all our Magistrates: and that if they could find out who they are that make their escape from the Devil by this means (as ignorance is always unjust) they would take the Devils part against those Fugitives, and trunch them severely.

And it is for that reason (replied the Count) that I have recommended, and do religiously recommend to you Secrecy. Your Judges are strange Men! they condemn a most innocent Action as

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a moſt hainous Crime. What barbarity? to cauſe burn thoſe two Prieſts whom the Prince of *Mirandula* ſays he knew; each of whom had his *Sylphide* for the ſpace of forty years! What inhumanity was it to have put to death *Jean Hervillier*, who for the ſpace of thirty ſix years, laboured in the immortalizing of a *Gnome*! And how ignorant was *Bodinus*, to call her a Witch; and to take occaſion from her adventure, to authorize the vulgar Fancies concerning Sorcerers; by a Book no leſs impertinent than that of his Republick is rational.

But it is late, and I conſider not that you have not as yet eaten any thing. You ſpeak for your ſelf, Sir (ſaid I) for my own part I could hear you on till too morrow without trouble. Ah! for me (replied he laughing, and going towards the door) it is evident that you know but little what Philoſophy is. The *Sages* eat only for pleaſure, and never for neceſſity. I had a quite different Notion of Wiſdom (anſwered I) I thought that a *Sage* ought not to eat but to ſatisfie neceſſity. You a-

abuſe

abuſe your ſelf (ſaid the Count) how long d'ye think our *Sages* can hold out without eating? What can I tell (ſaid I) *Moſes* and *Elias* faſted forty days, your *Sages* without doubt come ſome few days ſhort of them. A mighty matter indeed (replied he) the wiſeſt Man that ever was, the divine and almoſt adorable *Paracelſus*, aſſures us that he has ſeen a great many *Sages*, who have ſpent twenty years without eating the leaſt thing imaginable. He himſelf, before he attained to the Monarchy of Wiſdom, whereof we have juſtly given him the Scepter; lived ſeveral years without taking any thing but half a Scruple of *Solar Quinteſſence*. And if you would have the pleaſure to make any one live without eating; you have no more to do but to prepare the Earth, as I have told you may be prepared by the Society of *Gnomes*. That Earth being applied to the Navil; and renewed when it is too dry, makes one without the leaſt trouble, diſpenſe with eating and drinking: as the Candid *Paracelſus* affirms he had the experience for the ſpace of ſix Months.

But

But the use of the Catholick Cabalistick Medicine frees us much better from the troublesome necessities, to which Nature subjects the Ignorant. We eat but when we please, and all the superfluity of our Victuals evanishing by insensible transpiration, we are never ashamed of being Men. With that he held his Peace, perceiving that we were near our Servants. So we went to a Village to take a slight Bait, according to the custom of the Hero's of Philosophy.

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## *The Third Conference about Secret Sciences.*

After Dinner we returned to the Labyrinth. I was pensive, and the pity that I had of the Counts Extravagancy, which I perceived would be very hard for me to cure, suffered me not to divert my self with what he had said, so much as I would have done, if there had been any hopes of bringing him to his Wits. I ransanck'd Antiquity

tiquity to find some Objection which he could not answer; for to alledge the Opinions of the Church to him, was in vain, seeing he told me that he adhered only to the Ancient Religion of his Fore-fathers the Philosophers; and to attempt to convince a *Cabalist* by reason, was a long and tedious task: and besides, I had no mind to dispute against a Man whose Principles as yet were not altogether known to me.

It came into my mind, that what he had told me of the false Gods, to whom he substituted *Sylphs* and other Elementary People, might be refuted by the *Pagan Oracles*, which the Scripture calls in all places *Devils* and not *Sylphs*. But seeing I knew not whether in the Principles of the *Cabal* the Count would not attribute the Responses of the *Oracles* to some Natural Cause, I thought it pertinent first to know what his thoughts were as to that.

He gave me occasion to engage him in the Subject; for turning towards the Garden, before we entered the Labyrinth; This Garden looks very well (said he) and these Statua's make a fair Show.

The.

The Cardinal (answered I) who caused them to be brought hither, entertained a fancy that suited ill with his great Parts. He thought that most of those Statua's rendered heretofore *Oracles*: and upon that he paid very dear for them. That is the infirmity of many People (replied the Count) Ignorance produces daily a kind of most Criminal Idolatry; seeing with so much care Men preserve and preciously esteem the Idols which they believe the Devil heretofore made use of to make himself be adored. Good God will it never be known in the World that from the beginning of all Ages thou hast made thine Enemies thy Foot-stool; and that thou holdest the Devils Prisoners under Chains of Darkness? That blame-worthy curiosity of making Collections of those pretended Organs of the Devils, might become innocent, my Son, if Men would be perswaded, that Angels of Darkness were never suffered to speak in *Oracles*.

I do not think (said I interrupting him) that this Doctrine would easily pass amongst the curious; but perhaps it might

might among the Wits. For it was lately decided in a Conference held purposely on that Subject, by the Wits of the first rank, that all the pretended *Oracles* were but Tricks of the covetous Heathenish Priests, or an Artifice of the State-Policy of Princes.

Was it (said the Count) the *Mahometans* that were sent in Embassy to your King, who held that Conference; and so decided that Question? No, Sir (answered I.) What Religion were those Gentlemen of then (replied he) seeing they make no account of Sacred Scripture, which in so many places makes mention of so many different *Oracles*? and especially of the *Pythons*, who had their Residence, and rendered their Responses in the parts appointed for the multiplication of the Image of God? I spake (answered I) of all those Belly-talkers, and I instanced to the Company that King *Saul* banished them his Kingdom, where nevertheless he still found one the night before he died; whose Voice had the wonderful power to raise *Samuel* at his desire, and for his Ruin. But these Learned Men, for all that,

that, denied absolutely that there were ever any *Oracles*.

If Scripture had no influence upon them (said the Count) they should have been convinced by all Antiquity; wherein it was easie to have shew'd them a thousand miraculous instances. So many Virgins with-child of the destiny of Mortals, who were delivered of the good or bad hap of those that consulted them. Why don't ye alledge *Chrysostom*, *Origen*, and *Oecumenius*? who make mention of those Divine Men, whom the *Greeks* called *Engastrimandres*, whose Prophetick Bellies articulated so famous *Oracles*. And if your Blades care neither for the Scripture nor the Fathers; they are to be convinced by those miraculous Maids, who transformed themselves into Doves, and under that shape rendered the famous *Oracles* of *Dodona's Doves*. Or you may say, to the Glory of your Nation, that there have been heretofore in *Gallia*, illustrious Maids, who metamorphosed themselves into all Figures, at the pleasure of those who consulted them; and who besides the famous *Oracles*

which

which they rendered, had a wonderful Empire over the Floods, and a salutary Authority over the most Incurable Diseases.

They would have termed all these fair proofs Apocryphal (said I.) What, does Antiquity render them suspected? (replied he) you might then have alledged to them the *Oracles* which are daily rendered. And where in all the World? (said I.) At *Paris* (answered he.) At *Paris*! (cried I.) Yes at *Paris* (continued he.) Are you a Master in *Israel* and know not that? Do not Men daily consult *Aquatick Oracles* in Water-glasses or Basins; and *Aereal Oracles* in Looking-glasses, and on the Hands of Virgins? Are not lost Beads and stollen Watches thus recovered? Do not they likewise hear News from distant Countreys, and see absent Friends? Alas! Sir, Why do you tell me of those things (said I.) I tell you (replied he) what I am sure happens daily, and which might be easily proved by a thousand Eye-witnesses. I don't believe that Sir (said I) the Magistrates would make an Example of such an Action, and

and would not suffer Idolatry ..... How quick you are! (said the Count interrupting me.) There is not so much hurt in that, as you imagine; and Providence will never permit that Remnant of Philosophy, which hath escaped the lamentable Shipwrack that Truth hath made, to be extirpated. If there still remain among the People some footstep of the dreadful power of Divine Names, are you of the opinion that it should be extirpated? And that Men should lose the respect and veneration which is due to the great Name *AGLA*, that worketh all these Wonders, even when it is invoked by the Ignorant and Sinners; and which would produce Wonders of another Nature in a Cabalistick Mouth? If you would have convinced those Gentlemen of the truth of *Oracles*; you needed but to have exalted your Imagination and Faith, and turning towards the East, cried with a loud voice *AG* ..... Hold, good Sir (said I.) I would have been very loath to have made such a kind of Argument to so worthy Gentlemen as I was with; they would have taken me for a Phanatick:

for assuredly they believe not a word of all that: and though I had known the Cabalistick Operation you speak of, it would not have succeeded in my Mouth; for I have less Faith than they. Well, well (said the Count) if you have none, we shall procure you some. However, if you thought that your Gentlemen would not have believed what they may daily see at *Paris*, you might have cited to them a story of very fresh date: The *Oracle* which *Celius Rhodiginus* says himself saw, about the end of the last Age, rendered by that extraordinary Man, who spoke; and fore-told things to come by the same Organ as *Eurycles* in *Plutarch* did. I would not cite *Rhodiginus* (answered I) it would have been a Pedantick Quotation, and besides, they would not have failed to have told me that that Man was possessed.

That would have been said most Monkishly (replied he.) Sir (said I, interrupting him) for all the Cabalistick Aversion which I perceive you have to Monks, I cannot but be on their side in this particular. I think it may be more

more safely denied that ever there was any *Oracle*, than to deny that the Devil spoke in them: For in fine, the Fathers and Divines .... For in fine (said he, interrupting me) do not Divines agree that the Learned *Sambethe* the oldest of, the *Sibyles* was the Daughter of *Noah*? Puh! what of all that (replied I.) Does not *Plutarch* (answered he) say that the most Ancient *Sybill* was the first that rendered *Oracles* at *Delphos*? That Spirit which *Sambethe* lodged in her Breast was not then a Devil, nor her *Apollo* a false god; seeing Idolatry did not begin till long after the Division of Tongues: and it would be very unlikely to attribute the Sacred Books of the *Sybills*, and all the Proofs of the True Religion, which the Fathers have drawn from them, to the Father of Lies. And then my Child, (continued he smiling) it is not your part, to dissolve the Marriage which a great Cardinal made betwixt *David* and *Syllia*; nor to accuse that Learned Man of having unequally yoked a great Prophet and an accursed Sorceress together. For either *David* confirms the

Evidence of the *Sybill*, or the *Sybill* weakens the Authority of *David*. I pray you Sir (ſaid I, interrupting him) to the point again and be ſerious.

With all my heart (ſaid he) on condition you will not accuſe me of being too ſerious. Is the Devil, in your opinion, ever divided againſt himſelf? And does he at any time act againſt his own Intereſts? Why not (ſaid I.) Why not? (ſaid he) becauſe he whom *Tertullian* ſo happily and magnificently calls the Reaſon of God, thinks it not proper. Satan is never divided againſt Satan. It follows then, That either the Devil never ſpoke in *Oracles*, or that he hath never ſpoke againſt his Intereſt. It follows then, that if the *Oracles* have ſpoken againſt the intereſts of the Devil, it was not the Devil that ſpake in the *Oracles*. But could not God have forced the Devil (ſaid I) to give teſtimony to the Truth, and to ſpeak againſt himſelf? But (replied he) if God hath not forced him. Ah! in that caſe (ſaid I) you'll have more reaſon than the Monks.

Let us ſee then, continued he, and that

that we may proceed invincibly and with ſincerity; I will not adduce the teſtimonies of the *Oracles* which the Fathers of the Church cite; though I be perſwaded of the veneration which you have for theſe great Men. Their Religion and the Intereſt which they had in the Matter, might have prejudiced them, and their love to the truth might have ſo prevailed with them, that perceiving it poor and naked in their Age, they might have borrowed ſome Clothing and Ornament for it from Falſhood it ſelf: They were Men, and by conſequence might, according to the Maxime of the Prophet of the Synagogue, have been unfaithful Witneſſes.

I will take then a Man, who cannot be ſuſpected in this Cauſe: A *Pagan*, and a *Pagan* of another kind than *Lucian*, or the *Epicureans*; a *Pagan* infatuated (as he is) with Gods and Devils without number, beyond meaſure ſuperſtitious, a great Magician, or pretending ſo to be; and by conſequence a great favourer of Devils, it is *Porphyrius*. Here are ſome of the *Oracles* which he reports word for word.

ORACLE

# ORACLE.

*ABove the Celestial Fire there is an incorruptible, ever sparkling Flame, the Source of Life, the Fountain of all Stars, and the Principle of all Things. That Flame produces every thing, and nothing perishes but what it consumes. It makes it self known by it self; this Fire can be contained in no place; it is without body and matter; it incompasses the Heavens, and from it comes forth a little Spark, which makes the Fire of the Sun, Moon, and Stars. This is what I know of God; inquire not after more, for it is above thy reach, how wise soever thou mayst be. Know moreover, that an unjust and wicked Man cannot be hid from God. Neither cunning nor excuse can conceal*

*conceal any thing from his piercing Eyes. All is filled with God; God is every where.*

You well perceive (my Son) that this *Oracle* looks not too much like the Devil. At least (answered I) the Devil steps a little out of his rode in it. Here is another (said he) which preaches still better.

# ORACLE.

*THere is in God an immense depth of Flame; yet the Heart of Man should not fear to touch that adorable Fire, nor to be touched by it; it shall not be consumed by that so gentle Fire, the mild and peaceable heat whereof causes the Conjunction, Harmony, and Duration of the World. Nothing subsists but by this Fire, which is God himself. He is not begotten, he has no Mother, he knows all things, and can be taught*

*nothing; he is immutable in his purposes, and his Name is ineffable, this is God; for as for us, who are his Messengers, we are but a little particle of God.*

Well now! What say you to this? I say of both (answered I) that God can force the Father of Lies to give testimony to the Truth. Come here is a third (replied the Count) that will remove your Scruple.

*Alas* Tripodes! *Weep, and make the Funeral Oration of your* Apollo; *he is mortal, he is going to die. He extinguisheth, because the Light of the Celestial Flame makes him extinct.*

You well perceive (my Child) that whoever he be that speaks in these *Oracles*, and who so well explains to *Pagans* the Essence, Unity, Immmensity, and Eternity of God; he confesses that he is Mortal, and that he is but a spark of God. It is not then the Devil that speaks, because he is Immortal, and God would not force him to say that he is not so. It is agreed that Satan

tan is not divided against himself. Is that the way for him to be adored, to say, That there is but one God? He says that he is Mortal; how long is it since the Devil was so humble as to strip himself even of his Natural Qualities? You see then, my Son, that if the Principle of him, who by Excellence is called the God of Knowledge, hold Good; the Devil can never have spoken in the *Oracles*.

But if it be not the Devil (said I) either in a frollick telling a Lie, when he calls himself Mortal; or speaking the Truth by force, when he speaks of God; to what then will your *Cabal* ascribe all the *Oracles*, which ye maintain to have been really delivered? Is it to an exhalation of the Earth, as *Aristotle*, *Cicero*, and *Plutarch* affirm? Not so my Child, (said the Count) thanks to the Sacred *Cabal*, I me not so far out of my Wits yet. *How!* (replied I) *hold you that then to be a Fantastical Opinion? It is maintained though by men of good sense.* They are not so in this point, my Son (*continued he*) and it is impossible that all that hath been done

in Oracles, can be attributed to Exhalation: For Example, That Man, in *Tacitus*, who in a Dream appeared to the Priests of a Temple of *Hercules* in *Armenia*, and commanded them to provide Dogs and Horses to go a Hunting. Thus far it might have been Exhalation; but when at Night those Dogs and Horses returned almost spent, and the Quivers empty of Arrows, and that next day there were as many Beasts found dead in the Forrest, as there were Arrows in the Quivers; this you see could not be Exhalation. And far less it was the Devil; for it would be a very unreasonable and uncabalistick Notion of the Misery of the Enemy of God, to think that he is permitted to take his pleasure in Hunting the Hind or Hare.

*To what does the sacred Cabal then* (said I) *attribute the matter? Hold a little* (answered he) *before I discover to you that Mystery, I must dispossess you of a prejudice that you may entertain as to that pretended Exhalation; for it appears to me that you emphatically cited* Aristotle, Plutarch, *and* Cicero. *You may*,

may likewise cite Jamblichus, who for all he was a Man of so great parts, was sometime in that Error; which he quickly forsook, when he had examined the Matter more narrowly in the Book of Mysteries.

Peter of Apoua, Pomponatius, Levinius, Sirenius, and Lucilio Vanino, are over-joyed in finding that evasion amongst some of the Ancients. All these pretended Wits, who speaking of Divine Matters, say rather what they desire, than what they know; will allow nothing supernatural in Oracles, lest they should be forced to acknowledge somewhat above man. They are afraid we should lead them up, as by a Jacob's Ladder, to God, whom they fear to know by the steps and degrees of spiritual creatures; but had rather make themselves one, to descend by into the Abyss of Nothing; instead of lifting themselves up to heaven, they dig down into the earth; and instead of searching in the beings, that are superiour to man, the cause of those transports, that raise him above himself, and render him a kind of Deity: they weakly ascribe to feeble Exhalations that vertue of penetrating in-

to

*to the future, of discovering hidden things, and of soaring up to the highest secrets of the Divine Essence.*

*Such is the misery of Man, when he is possessed with a Spirit of contradiction, and an humour of thinking otherwise than other men do! He is so far from attaining his ends, that he intangles and fetters himself. These Libertines will not subject Man to substances less material than himself, and yet subject him to an Exhalation: and never considering that there is no Analogy betwixt that Chimerical steam and the soul of Man; betwixt that vapor and things future; betwixt that frivolous cause and those miraculous Effects: It is enough for them to be singular, to make them think themselves reasonable; and to deny Spirits, that they may set up for men of Spirit and wit.*

*You are much offended at singularity then, Sir?* (said I, interrupting him.) Ah! my Son (*answered he*) it is the Plague of a good Judgment; and the stumbling-block of the greatest Wits. *Aristotle*, for all he was so great a Logician, could not avoid the snare, into which a conceit of singularity leads

leads those who are so violently acted by it as he was: He could not (*I say*) avoid tripping and puzzling himself in his reasonings. In his Book of the Generation of Animals, and in his *Ethicks*, he says, *That the spirit and mind of Man comes to him from without, and that it is not transmitted from Father to Son; and from the spirituality of the operations of our Soul; he concludes it to be of another Nature than the Material Body which it inspires, the grossness whereof does but offuscate Speculations, far from producing them.* Blind *Aristotle*, seeing according to your opinion our material part cannot be the source of our spiritual thoughts, how do you fancy that a weak Exhalation can be the Fountain of sublime Speculations, and of the high Flight of the Pythians, who render Oracles. You well perceive (*my Child*) how that great Wit trips, and that his singularity makes him lose himself. *You reason very exactly, Sir*, (said I, ravished to find that he spoke in effect to very good purpose; and hoping that his folly might not prove incurable) *God grant that* . . . . .

*Plutarch*

*Plutarch* an Author otherwise so solid (*continued he, interrupting me*) is to be pitied in his Dialogue, Why the Oracles have ceased. He makes to himself convincing Objections, which he does not solve. Why does not he then answer what is objected to him; that if it be an Exhalation which occasions that transport, then all that approach the Prophetick Stool, should be seised with Enthusiasme, and not a single Maid, who must be also a Virgin. But how can that Vapour articulate a Voice in the Belly. Moreover that Exhalation is a natural and necessary Agent, and ought always to produce regularly the same Effect? Why is that Maid then never inspired, but when she is consulted? And what is more urging, why has the Earth left off to send out such Divine Vapours? Is it less Earth than it was? Does it receive other Influences? Are there other Seas and other Rivers? Who has then stopped the Pores, or changed the Nature thereof?

I wonder that *Pomponatius*, *Lucilius*, and the reſt of the Libertines, ſhould have followed the Notion of *Plutarch*, and yet abandoned the way he takes to explain himſelf. He ſpoke more judiciouſly than *Cicero* and *Ariſtotle*, for he was a man indeed of good judgement, and not knowing what to make of all thoſe Oracles, after a long and tedious uncertainty, he at length fixed upon this, *That that Exhalation which he believed came out of the Earth, was a moſt Divine Spirit*, So that he aſcribed to the *Deity thoſe extraordinary agitations and Prophetick Raptures of the Prieſts of Apollo. That Divining Vapour* (ſaid he) *is a Breath, and a moſt holy and divine Spirit. Pomponatius*, *Lucilius*, and the Modern Atheiſts, like not thoſe wayes of ſpeaking which ſuppoſe a Deity. *Theſe Exhalations* (ſay they) *were of the nature of thoſe Vapours which infeſt Melancholick People, who ſpeak Languages which they underſtand not.* But *Fernelius* confutes theſe impious men very well, by proving that Melancholy, which is a peccant Humour,

can-

cannot occasion that variety of Tongues, which is one of the wonderfullest Effects of Consideration, and an Artificial Expression of our Thoughts. He hath nevertheless but imperfectly decided the Matter, when he subscribes to *Psellus*, and to all those who have not been sufficiently endowed with our holy Philosophy; for not knowing what cause to give for such surprizing Effects, like Women and Monks, he hath attributed them to the Devil. *To whom are they then to be attributed?* (said I.) *I have long waited for that Cabalistick Secret.*

*Plutarch* himself hath very well observed it (*said he*) and he would have done well to have held to that. That irregular way of Speaking by an unseemly Organ, being base and unworthy of the Majesty of the Gods (*says that Pagan*) and what the Oracles said surpassing likewise the power of the Soul of Man; they have done great Service to Philosophy, who have placed a kind of Mortal Creatures betwixt the Gods and Man, to whom may be ascribed all that surpasses the weak-

weakneſs of Man, and comes not near the greatneſs of the Deities.

That is the Opinion of all the Ancient Philoſophy. The *Platoniſts* and *Pythagoreans* learnt it from the *Ægyptians*, and thoſe from *Joſeph* and the *Hebrews*, who dwelt in *Ægypt* before they paſſed the *Red Sea*. The *Hebrews* called thoſe Subſtances which are between Angels and Men, *Sadaim*, and the *Greeks* tranſpoſing the Syllables, and adding but one Letter, call them *Dæmonæ*. Theſe *Demons* amongſt the Ancient Philoſophers, are an Aereal People, bearing rule over the Elements, mortal, generative, but unknown in this Age by thoſe who ſearch little for Truth in its ancient Habitations; that is to ſay, in the *Cabal* and *Theology* of the *Hebrews*, who had the particular Art of Entertaining that Aereal Nation, and converſing with the Inhabitants of the Air.

*You are at your Sylphs again, I fancy, Sir*, (ſaid I interrupting him.) Yes, my Son (*continued he*) the *Jewiſh Teraphim* was onely the Ceremony that was to be obſerved for that Commerce: and

that

that Jew *Micah*, who in the Book of *Judges* complains that they had carried away his Gods, laments only the loss of the little Statue; wherein the Sylphs conversed with him. The Gods that *Rachel* stole from her Father, were also a *Teraphim*. *Micah* and *Laban* are not accused of Idolatry, and *Jacob* would have been loath to have lived Fourteen years with an Idolater, or to have married his Daughter. It was but a Commerce of Sylphs; and we know by Tradition that the Synagogue held that Commerce to be lawful, and that *David*'s Wife's Idol was only a *Teraphim*, by means whereof she entertained a Correspondence with the Elementary People: for you may very well conceive, that the Prophet according to Gods own heart, would never have suffered Idolatry in his House. Whilest for punishment of the first sin, God slighted the World, these Elementary Nations took delight to explain to Men in Oracles what they knew of God; to teach them to live morally; to give them most wise and sound Counsels; such as are to be seen

in

in great numbers in *Plutarch* and all the Historians: But so soon as God took pity on the world, and would himself become its Teacher, these little Masters with-drew; and from thence came the silence of the Oracles.

*The result of all your Discourse Sir*, (said I) *is that there have been certainly Oracles, and that they were rendered by Sylphs; who render them still daily in Glasses or Mirrors.* Sylphs or Salamanders, Gnomes, or Undians (*replied the Count.*) *If it be so, Sir* (answered I) *all your Elementary People are an ill-bred Pack.* And why? (*said he.*) *Why* (said I) *can there be greater cheating and jugling in the World, than those Responses of double meaning which they always gave.* Always (*replied he.*) Ha! not always. The Sylphide who appeared to that *Roman* in *Asia*, and foretold him, *That he should one day return thither with the Dignity of Pro-consul.* Did she speak very obscurely? And does not *Tacitus* say, *That the thing happened as she had fore-told?* That Inscription and those famous Statues in the Spanish History, which informed the Unfortunate King *Roderigo*,

*Roderigo, That his curiosity and incontinence should one day be punished by men cloathed and armed as they were; and that those black men should invade* Spain, *and reign long in it.* Could any thing be clearer than that, and did not the effect justifie the truth that very same year? Did not the Moors come and dethrone that Effeminate King? You know the Story, and you may easily judge that the Devil, who since the Reign of the *Messias* disposes not of Empires., could not be Author of that Oracle: And that it must certainly have been some great Cabalist, who learned it from one of the most knowing Salamanders. For seeing the Salamanders are great Lovers of Chastity, they willingly acquaint us with the evils that are to befal the World for the want of that Vertue.

*But, Sir* (said I) *do you think it a very chaste thing, and becoming Cabalistick Modesty, to make use of that Heteroclitous Organ by which they preached their Morality?* Ah! for this once (*said the Count laughing*) I perceive you have the Imagination distempered; and you

see

ſee not the Phyſical reaſon why the inflamed Salamander delights naturally in the moſt fiery hot places, and is attracted by . . . . . *I underſtand, I underſtand* (ſaid I, interrupting him) *you need not take the pains to explain your ſelf more fully.*

As to the Obſcurities of ſome Oracles (*continued he ſeriouſly*) which you call Juggling and Cheating; is not Darkneſs the uſual Mantle of Truth? Does not God take pleaſure to hide himſelf under that Dusky Veil; and the Everlaſting Oracle which he hath left to his Children, I mean the Holy Scriptures; is it not wrapt up in an adorable Obſcurity; which confounds and miſleads the proud, as its light guids the humble?

If that be all the ſcruple you have, my Son, I would not adviſe you to delay your entering into Commerce with the Elementary People. You will find them very honeſt folks, knowing, benificent, and Fearers of God. It is my Opinion, that you ſhould begin with the Salamanders; for in your Figure you have *Mars* in the Mid-heaven,

ven, which imports that there is a great deal of Fire in all your actions. And as to Marriage, I would advise you to take a Sylphide; you'll live happier with her than with any of the others; for you have *Jupiter* on the Cusp of your Ascendant, within a Sextile of *Venus*. Now *Jupiter* rules over the Air and the People of the Air. However you must consult your own heart about the matter; for as you shall one day know, a Sage is governed by the internal Planets, and the Planets of the external Heavens serve only to make known to him more certainly the Aspects of the Internal Heaven, which is in every Creature: So that it lies at your Door now to tell me what your inclination is, to the end we may proceed to your match with those of the Elementary People whom you like best. *Sir* (answered I) *that is an Affair, which in my opinion requires some little deliberation.* I like you for that Answer, (*said he, clapping his hand upon my Shoulder.*) Consult deliberately about that great matter, especially with him who by Excellence is called, *The An-*

*gel*

gel of the Great Council. Go, betake your self to Prayer, and to morrow about Two of the Clock after Noon, I will come and wait on ou.

We returned towards *Paris*, and upon the Road I put him again upon the Discourse against Atheists and Libertines: I never heard more solid Reasoning, nor better and more sublime things said for the Existence of a God, and against the blindness of those who spend their lives without applying themselves wholly to a serious and continual worship of him, from whom we have our being, and who does preserve it. I wondred at the Character of the Man, and could not conceive, how at the same time he could be strong and so weak; so admirable and so ridiculous.

The

## *The Fourth Conference about Secret Sciences.*

I Stayed at home expecting the Count of *Gabalis*, as we had agreed at our parting. He came at the appointed hour, and accosting me with a smiling air; Well, my Son (*said he*) for which kind of the Invisible People hath God given you the greatest Inclination, and what Alliance will please you best, whether of the Salamanders, Gnomides, Nymphs or Sylphides? *I am not as yet fully resolved about that match, Sir*, (answered I.) Who is in the fault then? (*replied he.*) *To be free with you, Sir*, (said I) *I cannot cure my imagination; it still represents to me those pretended Guests of the Elements as the Tassels of Devils.* O Lord! (*cried he*) O God of Light, disperse the darkness which ignorance and perverse Education hath spread over the soul of this Elect; who, as you have made known to me, is destined by you to so great matters. And you

you ; my Son, ſhut not the Door againſt the Truth, which would come and lodge with you ; be teachable. But it is all one, I care not whether you be or not ; for indeed it is injurious to Truth, to prepare its wayes. It can break thorow Doors of Iron, and enter where it pleaſes, in ſpight of all the reſiſtance of Falſhood. What can you have to object againſt it ? Hath not God, d'ye think created in the Elements ſuch Subſtances as I have deſcribed ?

*I have not examined* (ſaid I) *if there be any poſſibility in the matter it ſelf ; If one ſingle Element can furniſh Blood, Fleſh, and Bones ? If there can be a Temperature without Mixture, and Actions without Contrariety ? But granting that God could do it, what ſolid Argument is there that he hath done it ?*

Will you be convinced of it preſently (*replied he*) without ſo much a-do ? I'll go call the Sylphs of *Cardan*, you ſhall hear from their own mouths what they are, and what I have told you of them. *No, not ſo, Sir, if you pleaſe* (cried I briskly.) *Wave, I adjure you, that kind of proof, until I be perſwaded that thoſe Blades*

*are no Enemies to God; for till then I'll die, sooner than wrong my Conscience by*

This, this is the ignorant and false piety of these unhappy Times (*said the Count in Choller, interrupting me*) Why then is not the greatest of Anchorites blotted out of the Calendar of Saints? And why are not his Statues burnt? It is a wrong that his venerable Ashes are not raked up? And that they are not scattered in the Air, as the Ashes of those who are accused of having had Commerce with Devils? Did he attempt to exorcise the Sylphs? And hath he not treated them as Men? What can you say to that now *Seigneur Scrupuloso*, you and all your silly Doctors? Was the Sylph who discoursed to that Patriarch of his Nature, in your opinion the Tassel of a Devil; Did that incomparable Man consult with a Goblin about the Gospel? And will you accuse him of having profaned the adorable Mysteries, by discoursing of them with a Spright the Enemy of God? *Athanasius* and St. *Jerome* then very ill deserve the great name that is given them

them by the Learned; having wrote with so much eloquence the Elogy of a Man who was so courteous to Devils. If they took the Sylph for a Devil, they ought either to have stifled the Adventure, or interpreted in a spiritual Sense that Sermon, or that so pathetick Apostrophie which the Anchorite, more credulous and zealous than you are, makes to the City of *Alexandria*: And if they thought that Sylph a Creatnre participant, as he assures us, as well as we of Redemption; and if in their Opinion that Apparition was an extraordinary grace of God shew'd to the Saint, whose Life they wrote, are you reasonable to pretend to more knowledge than *Athanasius* and *Jerome*, and greater holiness than Divine *Anthony*? What would you have said to that admirable man, had you been one of those Ten thousand Hermites, to whom he related the Conversation that he had with the Sylph? You, without doubt, wiser and more inlightened than all those Terrestrial Angels, would have told the Saint, *That his whole Adventure was a meer Illusion*; and you

would have diſſwaded his Diſciple *Athanaſius* from publiſhing to all the World a Story ſo inconſiſtent with Religion, Philoſophy, and Common Senſe. Is it not true what I ſay?

*It is true* (ſaid I) *that I would have been of the Opinion, either to have ſaid nothing at all, or more of it. Athanaſius* and St. *Jerome* (*replied he*) had no mind to ſpeak more of it; for they knew no more but that; and though they had known all, which could not be unleſs they were of our number; they would not have raſhly divulged the Secrets of Wiſdom.

But why did not that Sylph (ſaid I) propoſe to St. *Anthony*, what you propoſe to day to me? What (*ſaid the Count laughing*) Matrimony? Ha, ha, that had been to good purpoſe indeed? *It is true* (replied I) *that in all appearance the good Man would not have embraced the Match.* No certainly (*ſaid the Count*) for it would have been a tempting of God to have married at that Age, and to have asked Children of him. *How* (replied I) *do you marry with Sylphs then, to have Children by them?*

For

For what end elſe (*ſaid he*) are Men over allowed to marry, for another end? *I did not think* (replied I) *that ye expected or pretended to any Iſſue; but that all ye did, was onely to immortalize Sylphs.*

Ha! You are in the wrong (*continued he*) the Charity of Philoſophers makes them propoſe for their end the Immortality of the Sylphides: but Nature makes them deſirous to ſee them fruitful. You ſhall ſee, when you have a mind, thoſe Philoſophical Families in the Air. Happy were the World, if it had none but ſuch Families, and if there were no Children of Corruption in it. *What do you call Children of Corruption, Sir?* (ſaid I, interrupting him.)

Such are (*ſaid he*) my Son, ſuch are all the Children who are born in the ordinary way; Children conceived by the Will of the Fleſh, not by the Will of God; Children of Wrath and Malediction; in a word, Children of Men and Women. You have a mind to interrupt me; I know very well what you would ſay. Verily, my Son, you muſt know, that it was never the Will of the Lord

that Men and Women ſhould have Children by the way they procreate. The Deſign of the all-wiſe Creator was much more Noble; he intended the World ſhould have been peopled far otherwiſe than it is, if wretched *Adam* had not ſo groſly diſobeyed the Command of God, Not to touch *Eve*; and if he had been ſatisfied with all the other Fruits of the Garden of Pleaſure, with the Beauty of the Nymphs and Sylphides; the World would not have had the diſgrace to be filled with Men, ſo imperfect; that they may paſs for Monſters, if compared with the Children of Philoſophers.

*How, Sir* (ſaid I) *by what I perceive, you believe that the crime of* Adam *is ſomewhat elſe than the eating of the Apple?* What, my Son (*replied the Count*) are you of the number of thoſe that have the ſimplicity to underſtand the Story of the Apple literally? Ha! You muſt know, that the Holy Tongue uſes thoſe innocent Metaphors, to keep us from conceiving Obſcene Notions of an Action which occaſioned all the Miſeries of Mankind. So, when *Solomon* ſaid, *I will*

*aſcend*

*ascend the Palm tree, and gather the fruits thereof; he had another appetite than the eating of Dates: that Tongue which is consecrated by Angels, and used by them in singing Hymns to the Living God, hath no Terms to express what it figuratively names, calling it an Apple or Date. But a Sage easily explains those chaste Figures, when he perceives that the Mouth or Taste of* Eve *are not punished, and that she brings forth in pain: He knows that it is not the Taste that was in the fault: And discovering what was the first sin, by the care which the first sinners had to cover some parts of their Bodies with Fig-tree Leaves, he concludes that it was not the will of God that Men should multiply by that base way. O Adam! you should have begotten none but men like your self, or none but Heroes and Giants.*

*Pray now! what expedient was there,* (said I interrupting him) *for one or other of those mervellous Generations?* To obey God (*replied he*) to touch none but Nymphs, Gnomes, Sylphides, or Salamanders. So none but Heroes would have sprung from his Loins, and the Universe would have been peopled with

a wonderful Race; filled with ſtrength and wiſdom. God was pleaſed to let us gueſs at the difference that would have been betwixt that innocent world and the ſinful world which now we ſee, by ſuffering now and then Children to be begotten after the manner that he has projected. *There has been ſometimes then S.r* (ſaid I) *ſome of thoſe Children of the Elements?* *And a Doctor of the* Sorbonne, *who cited to me t'other day St.* Auſtine, *St.* Jerome, *and* Gregory Nazianzene, *is miſtaken then, in believing that no fruit could ſpring from the loves of thoſe ſpirits for our women, or the commerce that men might have with certain Devils whom he called* Hyphialtes.

*Lactantius* reaſoned better (*replied the Count*) and ſolid *Thomas Aquinas* hath learnedly decided, that thoſe copulations might not onely be fruitful; but that the Children ſo begotten, are of a far more generous and heroick nature than others. In effect, you ſhall read when you pleaſe the high feats of thoſe mighty and famous men, who as *Moſes* ſays, were begotten in that manner; we have amongſt us the Hiſtories of them

them in the Book of the Wars of the Lord, cited in the Twenty third Chapter of *Numbers*. However judge what a world it would be, if all its Inhabitants, for inſtance, reſembled *Zoroaſter*.

*Zoroaſter* (ſaid I) *who is reputed to be the Author of Necromancy*? The very ſame (*ſaid the Count*) of whom the ignorant have wrote that calumny, he had the honour to be the Son of the Salamander *Oromaſis*, and *Veſta* the Wife of *Noah*. He lived Twelve hundred years, the wiſeſt Monarch in the world, and then was by his Father *Oromaſis* tranſported into the Region of Salamanders. I make no doubt (*ſaid I*) but *Zoroaſter* is with the Salamander *Oromaſis* in the Region of Fire: but I would be loath to put ſuch an affront upon *Noah*, as you have done.

The affront is not ſo great as you may imagine (*replied the Count*) all thoſe Patriarchs reckoned it a great honour to be the preſumptive Fathers of the Children, which the Sons of God were willing to beget upon their Wives; but this is likewiſe a little too ſtrong for you.

Let us return to *Oromasis*; he was beloved of *Vesta* the Wife of *Noah*. That same *Vesta* after her death was the Tutelary Genius of *Rome*, and the Sacred Fire which she would have carefully kept by Virgins, was to the honour of her Gallant the Salamander. Besides *Zoroaster*, they had also a Daughter of an excellent Beauty and extream Wisdom; she was that Divine *Egeria* from whom *Numa Pompilius* received all his Laws. She obliged *Numa*, whom she loved, to build a Temple to her Mother *Vesta*, where the Sacred Fire was kept in honour of her Father *Oromasis*. This is the truth of the Fable which the Poets and Roman Historians have related of that Nymph *Egeria*. *William Postoll*, the least ignorant of all who have studied the Cabal in the Common Books, knew that *Vesta* was the Wife of *Noah*; but he was ignorant that *Egeria* was the Daughter of that *Vesta*; and not having read the secret Books of the Ancient Cabal, of which the Prince of *Mirandula* bought a Copy at so dear a rate; he believed that *Egeria* was only the good Genius of *Noah*'s Wife. We are

informed by these Books that *Egeria* was conceived upon the Water, when *Noah* wandered upon the avenging Floods that deluged the Universe. Women were then reduced to that little number which was saved in the Cabaliſtick Ark, which that ſecond Father of the World had built: This great Man groaning to ſee the dreadful puniſhment wherewith God chaſtiſed the Crimes occaſioned by the love that *Adam* had for his *Eve*; and perceiving that *Adam* had undone his poſterity, by preferring *Eve* to the Daughters of the Elements, and by denying her to Salamanders or Sylphs, who could eaſily have gained her love, *Noah* (I ſay) growing wiſe, by the fatal example of *Adam*, conſented that his Wife *Veſta* ſhould yield to the Salamander *Oromaſis*, the Prince of fiery Subſtances; and likewiſe perſwaded his three Sons to give their three Wives to the Princes of the Three other Elements. The Univerſe by this means was in a ſhort time re-peopled with ſo heroick, knowing, beautiful, and rare Men, that their Poſterity dazzeled with their Vertues took them for Deities.

One

One of the Sons of *Noah* rejects the counsel of his Father, and cannot resist the Charms of his Wife, no more than *Adam* of his *Eve*: But as the Sin of *Adam* blackned the souls of all his Offspring, so the small complaisance, that *Cham* had for the Sylphs, marked all his black Posterity. Hence comes (as our Cabalists say) the horrible colour of the Mores, and all those hideous People who are commanded to inhabit the Torrid Zone, as a Punishment of the Prophane Heat of their Father.

*These are indeed pretty odd Records, Sir,* (said I, admiring the extravagancy of the Man) *and your Cabal is of wonderful use for illustrating Antiquity*: Wonderfully (*replied he gravely*) and without it Scripture, History, Fables, and Nature, are obscure and unintelligible. For example, you believe that the injury which *Cham* did to his Father, was such as it appears by the Letter, verily it is a far different thing. *Noah* being come out of the Ark, and perceiving that his Wife *Vesta* grew fairer and fairer, by the commerce she held with her Gallant *Oromasis*, fell passionately in love with her again,

again. *Cham* fearing that his Father was about to people the Earth with a Race as black as his Mores, watched his opportunity one day, when the good old Man was full of Wine, and without mercy cut off his ſtones. You laugh?

*I laugh* (ſaid I) *at the indiſcreet zeal of* Cham. You ſhould rather admire (*replied the Count*) the Civility of the Salamander *Oromaſis*, whom Jealouſie hindred not to pity his Rivals Misfortune; he taught his ſon *Zoroaſter*, otherways called *Japhet*, the name of the Omnipotent God, which expreſſeth his eternal fecundity: *Japhet*, with his Brother *Shem*, marching backwards towards the Patriarch, pronounced ſix times by turns the dreadful Name of JABAMIAH, and made the old Man whole again. This Hiſtory, ill underſtood, made the Greeks ſay that the ancienteſt of the Gods was gelt by one of his Sons: but the truth of the matter is as I have told you. From whence you may conclude that the morality of the people of the Fire is far more courteous than ours, yea even than of the people of the Air or Water; for the Jealouſie of theſe is

Cru-

Cruel, as Divine *Paracelsus* informs us in an adventure which he relates, and which was seen by all the Town of *Stauffembergh*. A Philosopher, with whom a Nymph engaged in a Commerce of Immortality, was so dishoneſt as to fall in love with a VVoman; as he was at Dinner with his new Mistris and some Friends, they saw in the Air one of the lovlieſt Thighs and Legs that could be imagined: The Invisible Lover was willing to shew it to the Friends of her Disloyal Servant, to the end they might judge how much he was in the wrong, to prefer a VVoman to her. After which, the inraged Nymph killed him on the spot.

*Ha, Ha!* *Sir* (cried I) *that is enough to put me out of conceit with such Misses.* I confeſs (*replied he*) their nicety is a little too violent; but if amongst our VVomen, some provoked Misses have been known to dispatch their perjured Gallants, it is not to be wondred at if those so beautiful and faithful Sweethearts, be inraged when they find themselves betrayed; and the rather because they exact no more from Men, but

that

that they would abſtain from VVomen, whoſe defects they cannot away with; and that they allow us to make love to as many of themſelves as we pleaſe. They prefer the Intereſt and Immortality of their Companions to their private ſatisfaction; and are glad when the Sages beſtow upon their Republick as many Children as they are able to beget.

*But in fine, Sir* (replied I) *how comes it to paſs that there are ſo few inſtances of what you tell me?* There are a great many, Child (*continued he*) but Men reflect not on them, or believe them not; or in a word explain them amiſs, for want of the knowledge of our Principles. They aſcribe to Devils, all that ſhould be attributed to the people of the Elements. A little Gnome procures the love of the famous *Magdalene* of the Croſs, Abbeſs of a Monaſtery at *Cordova* in *Spain*; at twelve years of age ſhe began to render him happy, and they continued their Commerce for the ſpace of Thirty years. An ignorant Confeſſor perſwades *Magdalene* that her Gallant was a Goblin!

and

and obliges her to beg Absolution from Pope *Paul* the Third. Nevertheless it is impossible that it could be a Devil; for all *Europe* knows, and *Cassiodorus Renius* hath left on Record to Posterity, the Miracle that was daily done in favour of that Holy Nun, which in appearance would not have happened, if her commerce with the Gnome had been so devillish as the Venerable Confessor imagined. That Doctor, if I mistake not, would have boldly affirmed that the Sylph who immortalized himself with the young *Gertrude*, a Nun of the Monastery of *Nazareth* in the Diocess of *Cologne*, was some Devil. *Without doubt* (said I) *and I think so too.* Ha! my Son (*continued he laughing*) the Devil is not unhappy then, in that he could entertain a Commerce of Gallantry with a Girl of Thirteen years of Age, and write to her the sweet Love-letters that were found in her Cabinet.

Believe, my Child, believe, that in the Region of Death the Devil hath sadder Imployments and more conform to the hatred which the God of Purity pur-

purſues him with: but thus men wilfully ſhut their eyes. We find, for inſtance in *Titus Livius*, that *Romulus* was the Son of *Mars*; the Wits ſay, that it is a Fable: the Divines, that he was the Son of a Devil: the Drolls, that Madam *Sylvia* loſt her Gloves, and that ſhe would cover the ſhame of it, by ſaying that they were ſtollen from her by a God. We who know Nature, and who are called by God from that darkneſs to his mervellous light; we know, that that ſame pretended *Mars* was a Salamander, who taken with the young *Sylvia*, made her the Mother of great *Romulus*, the Hero, who having founded his ſtately City, was by his Father carried away in a Flaming Chariot, as *Zoroaſter* was by *Oromaſis*.

Another Salamander was the Father of *Servius Paulus*; *Titus Livius* ſays it was the God of Fire, deceived by the reſemblance; and the ignorant have paſt the ſame Judgment on him as on the Father of *Romulus*. The famous *Hercules*, and the invincible *Alexander*, were the Sons of the greateſt of the Sylphs. The Hiſtorians, ignorant of

that,

that, have said that *Jupiter* was their Father. They said true, for as you have been told, those Sylphs, Nymphs, and Salamanders, being reckoned Deities, the Historians, who believed them to be so, called all that were begotten by them the Children of Gods.

Such were the Divine *Plato*, the more Divine *Apollonius Thianeus*, *Hercules*, *Achilles*, *Sarpedon*, *Pius Æneas*, and renowned *Melchisedeck*; for do you know who was *Melchisedecks* Father? *No really Sir* (said I) *for St.* Paul *knew it not.* Nay say, that he would not tell (*replied the Count*) and that he was not permitted to reveal the Cabalistick Mysteries; he well knew that the Father of *Melchisedeck* was a Sylph, and that that King of *Salem* was conceived in the Ark by the wife of *Shem*. The manner of that High-Priests sacrifising, was the same, which his Cousin *Egeria* taught King *Numa*, as well as the adoration of a Supream Deity without Image and Statue: by reason whereof the Romans sometime after falling into Idolatry, burnt the Holy Books of *Numa*, which were dictated by *Egeria*.

The

The first God of the Romans was the true God, they had true Sacrifice, they offered Bread and Wine to the Sovereign Master of the World; but that was wholly perverted in succeeding Times; yet God, in acknowledgment of that Primitive Worship, gave that City, which had owned his Sovereignty, the Empire of the Universe. The same Sacrifice which *Melchisedeck* .....

*I beg of you, Sir* (said I, interrupting him) *let us wave* Melchisedeck, *the* Sylph *that begot him, his Cousin* Egeria, *and the Sacrifice of Bread and Wine. These Arguments seem to me a little remote; and you would much oblige me, to tell me news of a fresher date; for I heard a Doctor say, who was asked what was become of that Satyre who appeared to St.* Anthony, *and whom you have called a Sylph; that all those Blades are dead now. And indeed it may very well be, since you acknowledge them to be mortal; and that we hear no news of them.*

Now I pray God *(replied the Count in a little heat)* I pray God, who knows all things, that he would never know that unknowing man, who so sottishly decides

cides what he knows not. Confound him and all ſuch Coxcombs. Which way hath he learnt that the Elements are deſert, and that all thoſe mervellous people are annihilated? If he would have taken the pains to read a little Hiſtory, and not like good Women, attribute to the Devil what-ever tranſcends the Chimerical Theory which he hath framed to himſelf of Nature, he would have found in all Times and Places, ſufficient inſtances of what I have now told you.

What would your Doctor ſay to that Authentick Story which happened lately in *Spain*? A lovely Sylphide was beloved of a Spaniard, lived with him three years, had three fine Children to him, and then died. Will one ſay that it was a She-Devil? A learned Anſwer indeed! by what Philoſophy can the Devil form to himſelf the Body of a Woman, conceive, bring forth, and give ſuck? What proof is there in Scripture of that extravagant Power, which on this occaſion your Divines are obliged to grant to the Devil? And what probable Reaſon can their weak Phy-

Phyſicks furniſh them with. The Jeſuit *Delrio*, a Man of Sincerity and Candor, faithfully relates ſeveral ſuch Adventures, and without perplexing himſelf with Phyſical Reaſons, ſlips his Neck out of the Collar, by ſaying, That thoſe Sylphides were Devils: So true it is, That your greateſt Doctors know no more moſt times than ſilly Women! So true it is, That God loves to retire into his Cloudy Throne, and that condenſing the Darkneſs which incompaſſes his dreadful Majeſty, he diſcovers not his Verities, but to ſuch as are of an humble heart. Learn from the Sages to give the Devils no power in Nature, ſince the fatal Stone hath ſhut them up in the Bottomleſs Pit. Learn of Philoſophers alwayes to ſearch for Natural Cauſes in all extraordinary Emergents; and when Natural Cauſes fail, make your recourſe to God and his holy Angels, but never to the Devils, who do no more but ſuffer: otherwiſe you will many times blaſpheme before you are aware; and attribute to the Devil the moſt mervellous VVorks of Nature.

For

For Example, VVhen you are told that the Divine *Apollonius Thianeus* was conceived without the help of any Man, and that one of the higheſt Salamanders deſcended to immortalize himſelf with his Mother; you'll ſay that that Salamander was a Devil, and you'll give the Devil the glory of the generation of one of the greateſt Men that ever ſprung from our Philoſophical Marriage-Beds.

*But, Sir* (ſaid I, interrupting him) *that ſame* Apollonius *is amongſt us reputed to have been a great Sorcerer, and that is all the good that is ſaid of him.*

There is (*replied the Count*) one of the ſtrangeſt effects of Ignorance and perverſe Education; becauſe one has heard his Nurſe tell Tales of Sorcerers, what-ever comes to paſs extraordinarily, muſt have the Devil for Author. It is in vain for the greateſt Doctors to talk, we will never believe them, unleſs they ſay as our Nurſes ſay. *Apollonius* is not begotten of a Man, he underſtands the Language of Birds, he is ſeen the ſame day in ſeveral places of the VVorld, he diſappears before the

Empe-

Emperor *Domitian*, who would have uſed him ill: He raiſes a Maid by vertue of Onomancy: He ſays at *Epheſus* in an Aſſembly of all *Aſia*, that at the very inſtant the Tyrant is killed at *Rome*. That Man is to be tried, the Nurſe ſays he is a Sorcerer; St. *Jerome* and St. *Juſtin* Martyr, ſay he was only a great Philoſopher. *Jerome*, *Juſtin*, and we Cabaliſts, ſhall be Enthuſiaſts, and the little VVoman ſhall carry the day. Ha! Let the Ignorants periſh in their Ignorances; but for you, my Son, ſave your ſelf from the Shipwrack.

VVhen you read that the Famous *Merlin* was born without the help of Man of a Nun, the Daughter of a King of *Great Britain*; and that he fore-told things future more clearly than *Tyreſia*. Say not with the Vulgar, *That he was the Son of an* Incubus, ſeeing there never was any; nor, *That he propheſied by the Black Art*, ſeeing the Devil is the moſt ignorant of all Creatures; according to the holy *Cabal*. Say with the Sages, *That the Britiſh Princeſs was comforted in her Solitude by a Sylph, who took pity on her; that he made it his buſineſs to divert*

*divert her: that he knew how to please her and that their Son* Merlin *was bred by the Sylph in all Sciences, and learned of him to do all the Mervels which are related in the Histories of* England.

Neither offer that Affront to the Counts of *Cleves*, to say, *That the Devil is their Fore-father*, and entertain a better opinion of the Sylph, who as History tells us, came to *Cleves* in a miraculous Ship drawn by a Swan, that was yoked to it with a Silver Chain. That Sylph having begot many Children upon the Heiress of *Cleves*, departed one day at Noon in his Aereal Ship, in the sight of all the people. Now what hurt hath he done your Doctors that they set him up for a Devil?

But will you have so little regard to the honour of the House of *Lusignan* and will you give your Counts of *Poitiers* a Diabolical Extraction? What will you say of their famous Mother? *I believe Sir* (said I interrupting him) *you are about to tell me Tales of* Melusina. Ha! (*replied he*) if you deny me the History of *Melusina*, I give you over for lost: but if you deny it, we must burn

burn the Books of great *Paracelsus*, who in five or six different places maintains that *Melusina* was a Nymph; and you must give the lie to your Historians, who say that since her death, or rather since she vanished out of her Husbands sight, she hath never failed (whensoever her Off-spring were threatned with any misfortune, or any King of *France* was to die by an extraordinary death) to appear in Mourning upon the great Tower of the Castle of *Lusignan* which she built. You would have a quarrel with all that are descended from that Nymph, or that are allied to that House, if you should obstinately maintain it was the Devil.

*Do ye think, Sir* (said I) *that these Lords like best to be descended from Sylphs?* They would without doubt like it best (*repl ed he*) if they knew what I tell you, and they would reckon those extraordinary procreations to be a great honour. They would know, if they had a glimpse of the Cabal, that that kind of generation being more suitable to the way that God in the beginning intended men should be multiplied; the Children that

ſpring from it are happier, more valiant, wiſe, renowned, and more bleſſed of God. Is it not more glorious for thoſe illuſtrious Men to be deſcended from ſo perfect, wiſe, and powerful Creatures, than from ſome naſty Goblin, or infamous *Aſmodeus*?

*Sir* (ſaid I) *our Divines are far from ſaying that the Devil is the Father of all thoſe who come into the World, when it is not known who begot them. They acknowledge the Devil to be a Spirit, and that ſo he cannot generate. Gregory of Nice* (replied the Count) ſays not ſo, for he holds that the Devils multipli'd among themſelves, as Men do. *We are not of his Opinion* (anſwered I) *but it comes to paſs (ſay our Doctors . . . .)* Ha! ſay not (ſaid the Count interrupting me) ſay not, what they ſay, elſe you'll ſpeak as they do, a very foul and obſcene impertinency. What abominable ſhift have they found there? It is ſtrange how they have all unanimouſly imbraced that Pollution, and placed little Goblins in ambuſcado, to make advantage of the idle Brutality of ſolitary Perſons, and thereby to hatch thoſe miraculous

miraculous Men, whose illustrious memory they stain by so base a Conception. *Do they call that to play the Philosophers? Is it becoming the Majesty of God, to say that he does so far comply with the Devil, as to favour such abominations, to grant them the Blessing of Fruitfulness, which he hath denied to Saints, and to reward those Impurities by creating for such embryo's of Iniquity, more Heroick Souls, than for those who have been begotten in the Chastity of a lawful Marriage? Is it becoming Religion, to say as our Doctors do, that the Devil by that detestable Artifice can make a Maid with-child in her sleep without hurting her Virginity; which is as absurd as the Story that* Thomas Aquinas (*other-ways a very solid Author, and who understood a little of the Cabal*) *forgot himself so far, as to relate in his sixth* Quodlibet, *of a Maid lying with her Father, to whom he makes the same accident happen, that befell the Daughter of* Jeremiah (*as some heretical Rabins say*) *who make her to have conceived the great Cabalist* Ben Syrah, *by urining into the Bath after the Prophet. I dare swear that that impertinency hath been invented by some.....*

*If I durſt interrupt your Declamation, Sir,* (ſaid I) *I would confeſs that it were to be wiſhed that our Doctors had imagined ſome Solution, which might not have been ſo offenſive to chaſte Ears, ſuch as yours; or elſe they ſhould have abſolutely denied the inſtances on which the queſtion is grounded.*

An excellent expedient (*replied the Count*) fie, fie! to deny evident truths: put your ſelf in the place of a Doctor with a Hood) and ſuppoſe that the bleſſed *Danhuzerus* came to you as to the Oracle of his Religion ....

*As he was ſaying ſo, a Lackey came to acquaint me that a Young Lord was coming to ſee me.* I will not be ſeen by him (*ſaid the Count*) *I beg your Pardon Sir* (ſaid I) *you well perceive by that Lords Name that I cannot deny my ſelf: take the pains then to go into that Cloſet.* That is needleſs (*ſaid he*) I'll go make my ſelf inviſible. *Ha! Sir* (cried I) *no Devilry* (*if you pleaſe*) *I like not jeſting with ſuch edged Tools.* Strange Ignorance (*ſaid the Count laughing and ſhrugging up his Shoulders*) not to know that to become inviſible, there is no more

requiſite

requisite but to put the contrary of the Light before ones self. *(With that he went into the Closet) and at the same time the young Lord came into my Chamber: I beg his pardon if I talked not to him of my Adventure.*

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## *The Fifth Conference about Secret Scienes.*

*The great Lord being gone, as I came back from waiting on him out, I found the Count of* Gabalis *in my Chamber.* It is great pity (*said he*) that the lofty Lord who has just now been gone, shall one day be one of the 72 Princes of the *Sanhedrin* of the New Law; for were it not for that, he would prove a great Subject for the Secret Cabal; he is a Man of a deep reach, a clear, vast, sublime, and daring Wit; there is the figure of *Geomancy* that I cast for him while ye were in Discourse together, I never saw more happy points,

and which denoted so noble a Soul; look to that (a) Mother, what magnanimity she gives him. That (b) Daughter, shall procure him the Purple. I am vexed at her, and Fortune too, because they deprive Philosophy of a Subject that perhaps might surpass you. But where were we when he came?

*You talked to me, Sir*, (replied I) *of a Saint that I never saw in the Roman Calender, I think you called him* Danhuzerus; Ha! I remember (*answered he*) I bid you put your self in the place of one of your Doctors, and suppose that the blessed *Danhuzerus* came to open his Conscience to you, and told you.

Sir, the fame of your knowledge hath brought me hither from beyond the *Alpes*; I have a little scruple that pinches me. In a Mountain of *Italy* there is a Nymph keeps her Court; a thousand Nymphs as lovely almost as her self, wait upon her. Many handsome, learned, and civil Gentlemen come thither from all parts of the habitable World; they love those Nymphs,

(a)(b) *Terms of Geomancy.*

Nymphs, and are beloved of them; there they lead the sweetest life imaginable; they beget most lovely Children on those whom they love; they adore the Living God, they wrong no Body, and they hope for immortality. As I was one day walking upon that Mountain, I pleased the Nymph Queen, she made her self visible, and shew'd me her charming Court. The *Sages* perceiving that she loved me, respected me almost as their Prince; they exhorted me to yield to the Sighs and Beauty of the Nymph; she her self told me her Sufferings, and omitted nothing that might affect my Heart; and at length told me, that she must die if I would not love her; and that if I loved her, she would be indebted to me for her Immortality. The Reasonings of those Learned Men convinced my mind, and the charms of the Nymph won my heart; I love her, and have very hopeful Children by her; but in the midst of my Felicity, I am sometimes troubled by calling to mind that the Church of *Rome* perhaps approves not too well of this. I came to you, Sir, to consult,

what that Nymph is, thoſe Sages and Children, and in what ſtate my Conſcience is? There! Maſter Doctor what Anſwer would you make to Lord *Danhuzerus?*

*I would tell him* (anſwered I) *with all the reſpect that I owe you,* Seigneur Danhuzerus *you are a little phanatical; or elſe your Viſion is an Inchantment; your Children and Miſtriſs are Hobgoblins; your Sages are Fools, and your Conſcience is ſeared.*

With that anſwer (*my Son*) you may deſerve a Doctors Hood, but you'll never merit to be received amongſt us (*replied the Count fetching a deep ſigh*) there is the barbarous Diſpoſition of all the Doctors now a-days. A poor Sylph dares not ſhew himſelf but he is immediately taken for a Goblin; a Nymph muſt not endeavour Immortality unleſs ſhe paſs for an impure Apparition; and a Salamander dares not appear for fear of being taken for a Devil, and the pure Flamet whereof he is compoſed, for the Fire of Hell that never leaves him. It is to much purpoſe for them, that they may diſpel thoſe injurious ſuſpicions, to make the ſign of

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the Croſs when they appear, bow the Knee at the Divine Names, yea, and pronounce them with reverence. Theſe are vain cautions, they cannot obtain that Men would not repute them the Enemies of God, whom they more religiouſly adore than they that flee from them.

*In earneſt, Sir,* (ſaid I) *do you believe the Sylphs to be very devote?* Moſt devote (*anſwered he*) and moſt zealous for a Deity. The excellent Diſcourſes they make us upon the Divine Eſſence, and their admirable Prayers edifie us exceedingly. *Have they Prayers alſo* (ſaid I) *I would willingly have one of them?* It is eaſie to ſatisfie you (*replied he*) and to the end I may not relate one that may be ſuſpected, or that you may imagine fraud by my ſelf; liſten to that which the *Salamander*, who gave reſponſes in the Temple of *Delphos*, taught the *Pagans*, and is related by *Porphyrius*; it contains ſublime Theology; and by it you'll ſee that it was no fault of thoſe wiſe Creatures, if the World adored not the true God.

## The Prayer of the *Salamaders*.

*IMmortal, Eternal, Ineffable and Holy Father of all Things, who inceſſantly art carried on the rolling Chariot of ever-turning Worlds. Ruler of the Etherian Fields, where the Throne of thy Power is raiſed; from the height whereof thy dreadful Eyes diſcover all, and thy Holy and Bleſſed Ears hear every thing. Hear thy Children whom thou haſt loved from the beginning of Ages; for thy Bright, thy Great and Eternal Majeſty ſhines over the World, and the Starry Heavens. O ſparkling Fire, thou art elevated above them; there thou inlightens and entertains thy ſelf by thy own Brightneſs, and from thy being*

*flow*

*flow out continual ſtreams of Light which nouriſh thine infinite Spirit. That infinite Spirit produces all things, and makes that inexhauſtible Treaſure of Matter, which cannot be wanting to the Generation that always inviron it by reaſon of the innumerable Forms wherewith it is impregnated, and with which thou fillea'ſt it in the beginning. From that Spirit ſpring alſo thoſe moſt Holy Kings who ſtand about thy Throne, and make up thy Court, O univerſal and onely Father! O Father of the bleſſed Mortals and Immortals, thou haſt in particular created Powers, who are wonderfully like to thy Eternal Thought, and thine Adorable Eſſence. Thou haſt placed them above the Angels, the Meſſengers of thy Will in the World. In fine thou haſt created us a third kind of Soveraigns in the*

*Elements:*

*Elements: Our continual Exercise is to praise thee, and to adore thy Will and Pleasure. We are inflamed with a desire of possessing thee. O Father, O Mother, the tenderest of Mothers! O wonderful Example of the Feelings and Tenderness of Mothers! O Son, the Flower of all Sons! O Form of all Forms! Soul, Spirit, Harmony and Number of all Things.*

What say ye now to that Prayer of the *Salamanders? Is it not very Learned, very Sublime and very Devote? And besides very Obscure too* (answered I) *I heard a Preacher paraphrase upon it, who from thence proved that the Devil amongst his other Vices, is a notorious great Hypocrite.* Ho! (*cried the Count*) what remedy have ye then poor Elementary People? ye speak astonishingly of the nature of God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, of assistent intelligences, of the Angels and Heavens. Ye make admirable Prayers, and teach them to

Men;

Men; and when all is done, ye are but hypocritical Goblins!

*Sir* (said I interrupting him) *I like not at all the Apostrophies you use to those People.* Well, well, my Son (*replied he*) be not afraid that I call them: but let not your weakness so far work upon you at least, as for the future to wonder that you see not so many instances as you would of their Alliance with Men. Alas! Where is that Woman, whose imagination your Doctors have not spoiled, who reflects not on that commerce with Horrour, and who would not quake at the aspect of a *Sylph*? Where is the Man that flies not from the sight of them, if he incline a little to be good? Do we but very seldom find an Honest Man that desires their Familiarity? And do any but the Debauched, Covetous, Ambitious and Cheats, covet that Honour, which they shall never have though (*VIVE DIEU*) because the fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom.

*What becomes then* (said I) *of all those People volant; seeing Honest Men are now so prejudiced against them?* Ho! the Arm

of

of God (*said he*) is not ſhortned, and the Devil reaps not all the profit which he hoped from the Ignorance and Error that he hath ſpread abroad to their prejudice; for beſides that the Philoſophers, who are numerous, remedy it as much as they can, by wholly renouncing Women: God has permitted theſe People to uſe all the innocent Arts they can deviſe for converſing with Men without their knowledge. *What d'ye tell me, Sir* (cried I) I tell you the truth (*continued he*) Do you believe that a Dog can have Children by a Woman? *No* (anſwered I) And an Ape (added he?) *Neither* (replied I.) And a Bear (*continned he?*) *Neither Dog, Bear, nor Ape* (ſaid I) *it is without doubt impoſſible; it is contrary to Nature, Reaſon, and Common Senſe.* Good (*ſaid the Count*) but are not the Kings of the *Goths* ſprung from a Bear and a Swediſh Princeſs? Hiſtory ſays ſo. *It is true* (replied I) And the Peguſians and Syonians of the *Indies* (*anſwered he*) are they not begotten by a Dog upon a Woman? *I have heard that alſo* (ſaid I.) And that Portugueſe Woman (*continued*

*tinued he*) who being exposed on a desert Island, had Children by a great Baboon? *Our Divines* (said I) *answer to that Sir) that the Devil putting himself into the shape of those Beasts* . . . . You are again about to alledge to me (*said the Conut interrupting me*) the sordid imaginations of your Authors. Understand then once for all, that the Sylphs perceiving that they are taken for Devils when they appear in Humane shape, that they may lessen the Aversion which People have to them, take the shape of those Animals, and so accommodate themselves to the whimsical weakness of Women, who would have a lovely Sylph in Horrour, and are not startled at a Dog or Monkey. I could tell you many little stories of the Ladies Lapdogs, with some Virgins in the World, but that I have a greater Secret to impart to you.

Know (my Son) that such an one believes himself to be the Son of a Man, who is the Son of a Sylph. Such a Man thinks he is with his Wife, who unawares is immortalising a Nymph. A Wife thinks she has her Husband in her

Arms,

Arms, who is imbracing a Salamander; and such a Maid would swear when she awakes that she is a Virgin, who in her sleep hath had the honour she dreamt not of. So the Devil and the Ignorant are equally abused.

*How!* (said I) *could not the Devil by awaking that sleeping Maid hinder the* Salamander *from becoming immortal?* He could (*replied the Count*) if the Sages took not a care of that; but we teach all those People the way of binding the Devils, and of opposing their Attempts. Did I not tell you t'other day that the *Sylphs* and other Elementary Lords are too happy that we are pleased to instruct them in the Cabal. Were it not for us the Devil their great Enemy would exceedingly disturb them, and they would find it hard to immortalize themselves without the privacy of Maids.

*I cannot sufficiently admire* (replied I) *the profound ignorance, wherein we live; we believe that the Powers of the Air help the amorous sometimes to the accomplishment of their desires. The matter is quite otherways then; for the powers of the Air want*

*want the assistance of Men in the prosecution of their loves.* You have hit it, my Son (*continued the Count*) the Sage brings succour to those poor people, who without him are too wretched and weak to resist the Devil; but truly when a Sylph hath learnt from us Cabalistically to pronounce the powerful name *NEHMAHMIAH*, and to joyn it in form with the delicious name *ELIAEL*; all the powers of darkness betake them to their Heels, and the Sylphs peaceable injoys the beloved Object.

Thus was immortalized the ingenious Sylph, who took the shape of the Lover of a Young Lady of *Seville*; its a known History. The Young Spanish Lady was Beautiful, but as cruel as fair. A Gentleman of *Castile*, who loved her in vain, resolved one morning to be gone without taking leave, and to travel until he were cured of his fruitless passion. A Sylph finding the fair one to his mind, thought it best to nick the time, and arming himself with the Directions that he had from one of us, to defend himself against the Crosses, that the Devil, envi-

ous

ous of his happineſs might raiſe to him; he goes and viſits the Lady under the diſguiſe of the abſent Lover; he complains, he ſighs, and is rejected. He urges, ſolicites, and perſeveres: After ſome months he wins upon her, gains her Love, perſwades her, and at length is made happy. Their Amours are fruitful by a Son, who was ſecretly born without the knowledge of the Parents, being concealed by the skill of the Aereal Gallant. Their Love continues and is bleſſed with a ſecond Conception. In the mean time the Gentleman cured by abſence, returns to *Seville*, and being impatient to ſee his cruel Miſtriſs, goes with all ſpeed to tell her, that now at length he is in a condition not to diſpleaſe her; and that he is come to acquaint her that he loves her no more.

Imagine but with your ſelf the aſtoniſhment of the Young Lady, her Anſwer, her Tears, Reproaches, and all their ſurpriſing Conference. She maintains that ſhe hath yielded to his will; he denies it; that their Child is in ſuch a place, that he is the Father of another in her Womb; he obſtinately diſ-

owns

owns all. She is comfortless, tears her Hair; the Parents come running at her cries; the desperate Lover persists in her Complaints, and invectives; it is proved that the Gentleman was absent for two years; they search for the first Child and find it, and the second was born at the time.

*And what part acted the Aereal Gallant* (said I interrupting him) *all this while?* I well perceive (*answered the Count*) that you think he did ill in abandoning his Mistriss to the rigour of her Parents, or the fury of the Inquisition: bu he had reason to complain of her, she was not devote enough; for when these Gentlemen immortalize themselves, they labour seriously, and live with much sanctity, that they may not lose the right that they have acquired to the chief good. And so they will have the person to whom they are allied, lead an exemplary Life; as is to be seen in the famous Adventure of a Young Lord of *Bavaria*.

He was over-whelmed with grief for the loss of his Wife whom he passionately loved. A Sylphide was advised by

one

one of our Sages to take the ſhape of that Woman; ſhe took his Counſel, and went and preſented her ſelf to the young Mourner, ſaying, that God had raiſed her again to comfort him in his extream affliction. They lived many years together, and had very lovely Children; but this young Lord was not ſo good a man as to retain the wiſe Sylphide, he ſwore and talked Baudy. She often admoniſhed him; but finding that her Admonitions were in vain, one day ſhe evaniſhed, leaving him onely her Coats, and ſorrow that he had not followed her holy Counſels. So that you ſee, my Son, that the Sylphs have reaſon ſometimes to diſappear, and you perceive that the Devil cannot hinder, no more than the Capricious Whimſies of your Divines, but that the People of the Elements ſucceſsfully endeavour their immortality when they are aſſiſted by ſome one or other of our Sages.

*But really and in good truth,* [illegible] replied I, *are you perſwaded that the Devil is ſo great an Enemy to thoſe Debauchers of Young Maids?* A morral Enemy

my (*said the Count*) and especially to the Nymphs, Sylphs, and Salamanders. For as for the Gnomes, he does not hate them so much, for, as I think I told you, these Gnomes terrified at the howling of the Devils which they hear in the Center of the Earth, chuse rather to continue mortal than to run the risk of being so tormented, if they acquired immortality. Hence it is that the Gnomes have pretty good Commerce with their Neighbours the Devils. These perswade the Gnomes, naturally very kind to men, that it is great service done to men, and a deliverance from a great danger, to oblige them to renounce their immortality; for that end they ingage to furnish him, whom they can perswade to that renunciation, with as much money as he shall please to ask, to avert the dangers that may threaten his Life during a certain space of time, or what other condition, which he who makes that accursed compact shall please: so the Devil, wicked Rogue as he is, by the meditaion of that Gnome, makes the Soul of that Man become mortal, and deprives it of a right to Life eternal. *How*

*How, Sir* (cried I) *are not these Compacts whereof Demonographers relate so many examples, in your opinion then, made with the Devil?* No sure (*replied the Count*) hath not the Prince of the World been cast out? Is not he shut up? Is not he bound? Is he not the *Caput Mortuum*, and *terra damnata*, which hath sunk to the bottom of the operation of the Supream and Architypical Stagyrist? Can he ascend unto the Region of Light, and spread his concentrated darkness there? He can do nothing against Man. He can onely inspire into the Gnomes his Neighbours, to come and make such Propositions to those whom he fears most will be saved, to the end their Soul may die with their Body.

*According to your Doctrine then* (added I) *these Souls die?* They die, Child (answered he) because their Soul dies with the Body. *They come off on very easie terms then* (replied I) *and are very lightly punished for so enormous a Crime as the renouncing of their Baptism, and the death of their Saviour.*

Call you that (*said the Count*) a slight punishment to enter into the dark Abyss of

of Nothing? Know that this is a greater punishment than to be damned; that there remains some mercy still in the Justice which God exercises against the sinners in Hell; and that is great favour that they are not consumed by the Fire that burns them. Non-entity is a greater evil than Hell; and that is it which the Sages preach to the Gnomes, when they call them together to make known to them the wrong they do in preferring Death to Immortality, and the Abyss of Nothing to the hope of a Blessed Eternity, which they might have a right to possess, if they would ally themselves to Men, without exacting from them those Criminal Renunciations. Some of them believe us, and we marry them to our Daughters.

*Ye preach a Gospel then to the Subterranean people, Sir* (said I.) Why not (*replied he*) we are their Doctors, as well as of the people of the Fire, Air, and Water, and Philosophical Charity is indifferently diffused on all those Children of God, as they are more subtile, and more knowing than the ordinary sort of Men; so are they more docile

and

and capable of Inſtruction; and they liſten to Divine Truths with a reſpect that raviſhes us.

*It muſt indeed be ravſking* (cried I laughing) *to ſee a Caballiſt in a Pulpit holding forth to theſe Gentlemen.* You ſhall have the pleaſure; my Son, when you will (*ſaid the Count*) and if you pleaſe I'll call them together this Evening, and preach to them about Midnight. *At Midnight* (cried I) *I have been told that that is the hour of* Sabat, *or the Devils Night Rendezvous.* The Count fell a laughing; You put me in mind (*ſaid he*) of the Fopperies that are recounted by Demonographers concerning their imaginary *Sabbat.* I wiſh alſo for the rarity of the thing, that you believed them likewiſe. *Ha! as to the Tales of the* Sabbat (replied I) *I do aſſure you I believe not one word of it.*

You do well, my Son (*ſaid he*) for once more, the Devil hath no power ſo to play upon Mankind, nor to converſe with men; far leſs to make himſelf be adored by them, as the Inquiſitors believe. The occaſion of this popular report, is, becauſe the Sages, as I have juſt

juſt now told you, aſſemble the Inhabitants of the Elements, to preach to them their Myſteries and Morality; and ſeeing it happens commonly that ſome Gnome is cured of his groſs Error, conceives the horror of Non-entity, and conſents to be immortalized; we give him a Maid, marry him, and celebrate the Wedding with all the rejoycing that the Conqueſt we have made does require: Theſe are the Dances and Shouts of Joy, which *Ariſtottle* ſays were heard in ſome Iſlands where no Body was ſeen however. The great *Orpheus* was the firſt that called together the Subterranean People, at his firſt meeting *Sebaſius* the ancienteſt of the Gnomes, was immortalized; and from that *Sebaſius* the Aſſembly had its name, in which the Sages directed their Speech to him ſo long as he lived; as appears in the Hymns of the Divine *Orpheus*. The ignorant have confounded things, and have taken occaſion thereupon to tell a thouſand impertinencies, and to decrie an Aſſembly which we only ſummon for the glory of the Supream Being. *I could never have imagined* (ſaid I) *that the night* Sa-

bat *was an Assembly of Devotion.* It is though, a most holy and Cabalistick one (*replied he*) which the World will not easily be perswaded of: But such is the deplorable ignorance of this unjust Age, men are infatuated with a popular opinion, and will not be undeceived. It is in vain for the Sages to speak, Fools are better believed. It is in vain for a Philosopher evidently to demonstrate the Falsity of the Notions that Men have framed to themselves, and give evident proofs to the contrary; let him use what Experiment and solid Reason he can: If a man in a Hood appear, who will undertake to falsifie it; Experience and Demonstration are baffled, and Truth cannot again recover its right. Men believe this Hood more than their own Eyes. There hath been a memorable instance of this Popular Infatuation in your own *France.*

The Famous Cabalist *Zedechias* had a mind, in the Reign of your King *Pepin*, to convince the World that the Elements were inhabited by all those People, whose Nature I have already described to you. The Expedient he conceited, was

was to adviſe the Sylphs to ſhew themſelves publickly in the Air; they did it with great Pomp and Magnificence. Theſe admirable Creatures were ſeen in the Air in Humane Shape, ſometimes in Battel Array, marching in good Order, ſtanding to their Arms, or encamped under rich Pavillions: ſometimes in a Fleet of Aereal Ships of an admirable Build, which ſailed with gentle *Zephirs*. What became of it? Do you think that the ignorant Age fell to reaſon on the Nature of thoſe marvellous Spectacles? No ſuch matter. The People believed at firſt that they were Sorcerers, who had got into the Air, to raiſe Tempeſts there, and to ſhowre down Hail upon their Crops. The Learned Divines and Lawyers were quickly of the Opinion of the People, the Emperour believed it alſo; and that ridiculous Notion prevailed ſo far, that the Wiſe *Charlemaigne*, and after him *Lewis* the Debonaire, impoſed heavy puniſhments upon all thoſe pretended Tyrants of the Air. This you may ſee in the Firſt Chapter of the Capitular Decrees of thoſe two Emperours.

The Sylphs perceiving that the People, Pedants, and the Crowned Heads themſelves, conſpired thus againſt them, reſolved that they might make them loſe the bad Opinion which they had of their innocent Fleet, to carry away men from all parts, to ſhew them their Fair Women, their Republick, & Government, and then to drop them in ſeveral places of the World. They did as they projected, the People ſeeing Men deſcend, came running from all parts, poſſeſſed with an Opinion that they were Sorcerers, who detached themſelves from their Companions, that they might poiſon the Fruits and the Waters; and according to the rage that is inſpired by ſuch imaginations, they dragged the poor innocent men to puniſhment. It is incredible what a vaſt number of them periſhed by Fire and Water in this Kingdom.

One day amongſt the reſt it happened at *Lyons*, that three Men and a Woman deſcended in thoſe Aereal Ships; the whole City gather about them, cry they are Magicians, and that *Grimoald* Duke of *Benevent*, the Enemy of *Charlemaigne*,

*maigne*, ſent them to deſtroy the Crops of *France*. It was to no purpoſe for the four Innocents to ſay for their juſtification, that they were of the ſame Countrey; that they were lately carried way by miraculous men, who ſhewed them unheard of Wonders, and prayed them to relate them. The infatuated People, will not hear their Defence; but was going to throw them into the Fire, when the good man *Agobard* Biſhop of *Lyons*, who whil'ſt he was a Monk, had obtained great Authority in that City, came running upon the News; and having heard the Peoples Accuſation, and the Defence of the Accuſed, gravely pronounced that both were falſe. That it was not true that theſe Men came down out of the Air, and that what they affirmed to have ſeen there, was abſolutely impoſſible.

The People believed what good Father *Agobard* ſaid, better than their own Eyes; was pacified, ſet at liberty the four Ambaſſadors of the Sylphs, and received with admiration the Book which *Agobard* wrote to confirm the

Sentence he had pronounced. Thus was the Teſtimony of theſe four Witneſſes made frivolous.

In the mean time, ſeeing they eſcaped puniſhment, they were free to relate what they had ſeen; which was not altogether fruitleſs: for if you remember the Age of *Charlemaigne* abounded in Heroick Men. And this is a ſign that the Woman who had been with the Sylphs, obtained Credit amongſt the Ladies of thoſe Times; and that by the grace of God many Sylphs were immortalized, many Sylphides became likewiſe Immortal, by the relation that theſe three Men gave of their Beauty; which obliged the people of that Age to apply themſelves a little to Philoſophy; and from thence have come all the Stories of Fairies which you find in the amorous Legends of the Age of *Charlemaigne*, and the ſucceeding. And theſe pretended Fairies were nothing elſe but Sylphides and Nymphs. Have you read the Stories of thoſe Heroes and Fairies? *No, Sir* (ſaid I.)

I am ſorry for that (*replied he*) for hey would have given you ſome Noti-

on

on of the State to which the Sages are resolved one day to reduce the World. Those Heroick Men, those Loves of Nymphs, those Journeys to the Earthly Paradice, those Palaces and Inchanted Groves, and all those Charming Adventures, are but a weak Emblem of the Life that the Sages leads, and what the World shall be, when Wisdom by their means shall reign therein. There shall be none but Heroes in it; the least of our Children shall have the might of *Zoroaster*, *Apollonius*, or *Melchisedec*; and most part of them shall be accomplished as the Children that *Adam* would have begotten on *Eve*, had he not sinned with her.

*Did you not tell me?*, *Sir* (said I interrupting him) *that it was not the will of God that* Adam *and* Eve *should have had Children; and that* Eve *should have given her self only to Sylphs or Salamanders?* It is true (said the Count) they should not have procreated the way they did. *Your Cabal Sir* (continued I) *furnish'd Man and Woman then with an Invention of Begetting Children after another manner than the common Method.* Assuredly

replied he.) *Good now, pray teach me that, Sir* (answered I.) You shall not know it too day, if you please (said he laughing) I'll revenge the Quarrel of the people of the Elements, because you have made so much difficulty to undeceive your self of their pretended Devilry. I make no question but your pannick fears are now over. I leave you therefore, that you may have time to meditate and deliberate in the presence of God, to which kind of Elementary Substances it will be most for his glory and your honour, that you bestow a share of your Immortality.

In the mean time I'll go recollect my self a little, for the Discourse that you have put me upon making this night, to the Gnomes. *Go* (said I) *explain to them some Chapter of* Averroes? I believe (*said the Count*) I may very well have a little touch at that; for I have a Design to preach to them the Excellency of Man, that I may work upon them to court our Alliance. And after *Aristotle Averroes* holds two things which it is fit I should illustrate; the one concerning the Nature of the Mind, and the

the other about the Chief Good: He ſays, *That there is but one created Mind, which is the Image of the uncreated; and that that Mind alone is ſufficient for all Men.* And as to the Chief Good, *Averroes* ſays, *It conſiſts in the Converſation with Angels*; which is not Cabaliſtick enough: For Man even in this life is created for the Enjoyment of God, as you ſhall one day know, and find by Experience, when you are liſted among the Sages.

*Thus ended the* Conference *of the Count of* Gabalis. *He returned next day, and brought me the Diſcourſe that he made to the Subterranean People: It is a wonderful Piece. I would publiſh it, with a Continuation of the* Conferences *that a Vice-Counteſs and I had with that Great Man, were I ſure that all my Readers had right thoughts, and would not take it amiſs that I make my ſelf merry with Fools. If I perceive*

*that my Book is permitted to do the good that it may produce, and that I be not unjuſtly ſuſpected to commend* Secret Sciences, *under pretext of making them ridiculous; I ſhall continue to pleaſe my ſelf with my Count; and may ſuddenly publiſh another Tome.*

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# FINIS.

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A

# LETTER

To my LORD of

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My LORD,

YOU *have alwayes appeared to me so affectionate to your Friends, that I hope you will pardon the liberty I take in favours of the best of mine, to beseech your Lordship to have the goodness for him as to read his Book. I pretend not thereby to engage you in any of the Consequences that my Friend the* Author

*may*

*may perhaps promiſe to himſelf from that; for* Authors *are apt to conceive great hopes. I have even told him that you make it your honour never to ſpeak, but what you think; and that he is not to expect that you will lay aſide ſo rare a* Quality, *and ſo new at* Court, *to ſay that his Book is good, if you find it bad; but it is my humble deſire only to your* Lordſhip, *that you would have the goodneſs to decide a* Controverſie *that we have had together. You needed not have ſtudied ſo much* my Lord, *as to become a Prodigy of* Knowledge, *if you thought it not fit to expoſe your ſelf to*

be

*be consulted preferably to* Doctors. *This is then the* Dispute *that I have with my* Friend.

*I would have obliged him wholly to change the Form of his* Work, *the pleasant strain he handles it in, seems not at all proper for the* Subject. *The* Cabal *(I told him) is a serious* Science, *which many of my* Friends *study seriously; it ought therefore to be refuted the same way. Seeing all its* Errors *are about* Divinity, *and that is very difficult to make a serious Man laugh upon any* Subject; *it is most dangerous to droll in this, and it is much to be feared that* Devotion *may seem interested*

*tereſted therein. A* Cabaliſt *muſt be made to ſpeak like a* Saint, *elſe he acts his* Part *very ill; and if he ſpeak like a* Saint, *by that apparent* Sanctity *he impoſes upon weak Minds, and better perſwades his* Viſions *than all the* Drollery *that may be made on them, can refute them. To this my* Friend *anſwered with the* Preſumption *that* Authors *have when they defend their* Books; *that if the* Cabal *be a ſerious* Science, *then none but Melancholick people apply themſelves to it; and that having at firſt tried the Dogmatick Stile on that* Subject, *he found himſelf ſo ridiculous in treating*

*Foppe-*

*Fopperies ſeriouſly, that he judged it more proper to turn the* Ridicule *upon the Count* Gabalis. *The* Cabal *(ſaid he) is one of thoſe Chimæra's, which Men authoriſe, when they oppugn them gravely; and which ſhould only be overthrown by Drolling. He is not ignorant of the Fathers, and therefore he cited to me* Tertullian. *You who know it better than he and I both, my Lord; judge if the Citation be falſe:* Multa ſunt riſu digna revinci, ne gravitate adorentur. *He ſays that* Tertullian *uſes that pretty Sentence againſt the* Valentinians, *who were a kind of moſt* Enthuſiaſtick Cabaliſts.

As

*As to Devotion which comes always in play thorowout this* Work (*he ſays*) *that a* Cabaliſt *muſt unavoidably ſpeak of God: but it is happy, that in this* Subject *it is of a more unavoidable neceſſity, for preſerving the* Cabaliſtick Character, *never to ſpeak of God, but with extream* Veneration; *ſo* Religion *can receive no blemish: and the weak Wits muſt be ſillier than the Lord* Gabalis, *if they ſuffer themſelves to be inchanted by that Extravagant* Devotion; *or if the* Raillery *that is put upon it, remove not the* Charm.

*By theſe and many other Reaſons which I ſhall not alledge here,*

*here, becauſe I have a Mind your Lordship should be of my Opinion; my Friend pretends that he ought to write againſt the* Cabal *merrily. Reconcile us if you pleaſe, I hold it beſt to proceed againſt the* Cabaliſts *and all the* Secret Sciences, *by ſerious and vigorous Arguments. He ſaith that* Truth *is naturally briſk, and that it is far more powerful when it laughs: becauſe an ancient* Author, *whom without doubt, you know, ſays in a place, which, conſidering the excellent Memory God hath endowed you with, you will certainly remember;* Convenit Veritati ridere, quia lætans.

*He*

*He adds, That the* Secret Sciences *are dangerous, if they be not handled in a ſtrain that may make them contemptible; expoſing their ridiculous* Myſtery, *and taking off People from loſing time in the Study of them; by ſhewing them the depth, and diſcovering the extravagancy thereof. Give Sentence,* my Lord, *theſe are our Reaſons. I ſhall receive your Verdict with the reſpect which you know does always accompany the Zeal wherewith I am*

My LORD,

Your Lordſhips moſt humble

and obedient Servant,

A

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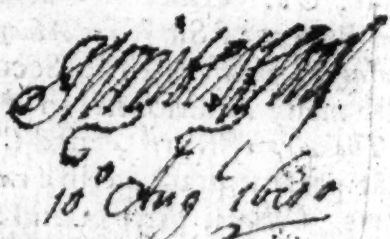
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